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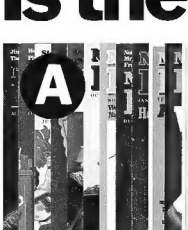

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THAT'S FANTASTIC! I'LL KEEP IT. THAT'S WHAT SAM WILL SAY WHEN HE HAS STELLA STAR IN HIS ARMS. JUST BEFORE THE MONSTER ATTACKS THEM!

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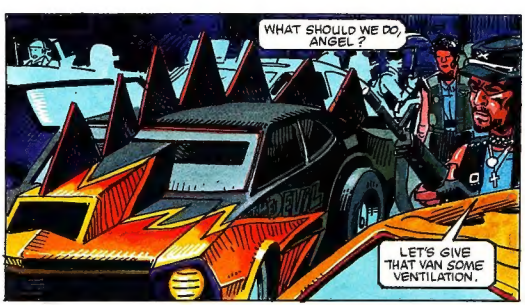

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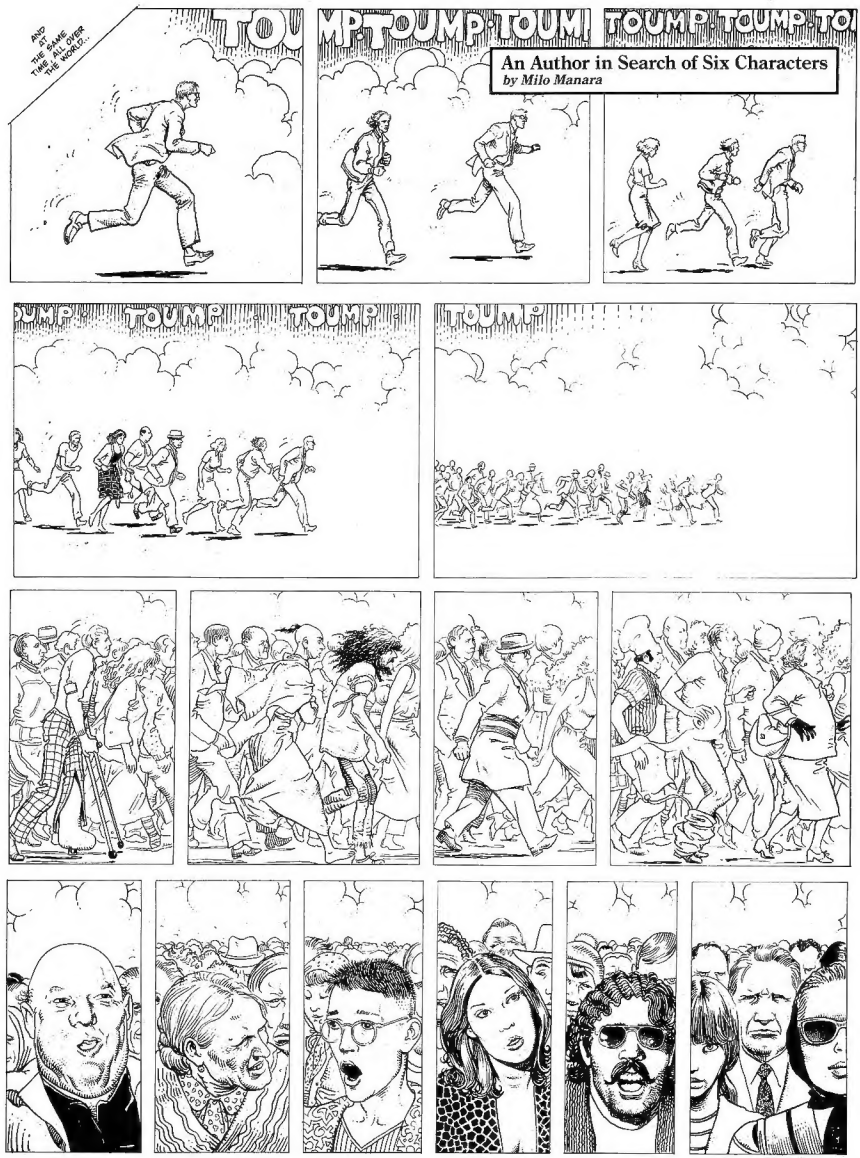
AND AT THE SAME TIME ALL OVER THE WORLD...
TOU
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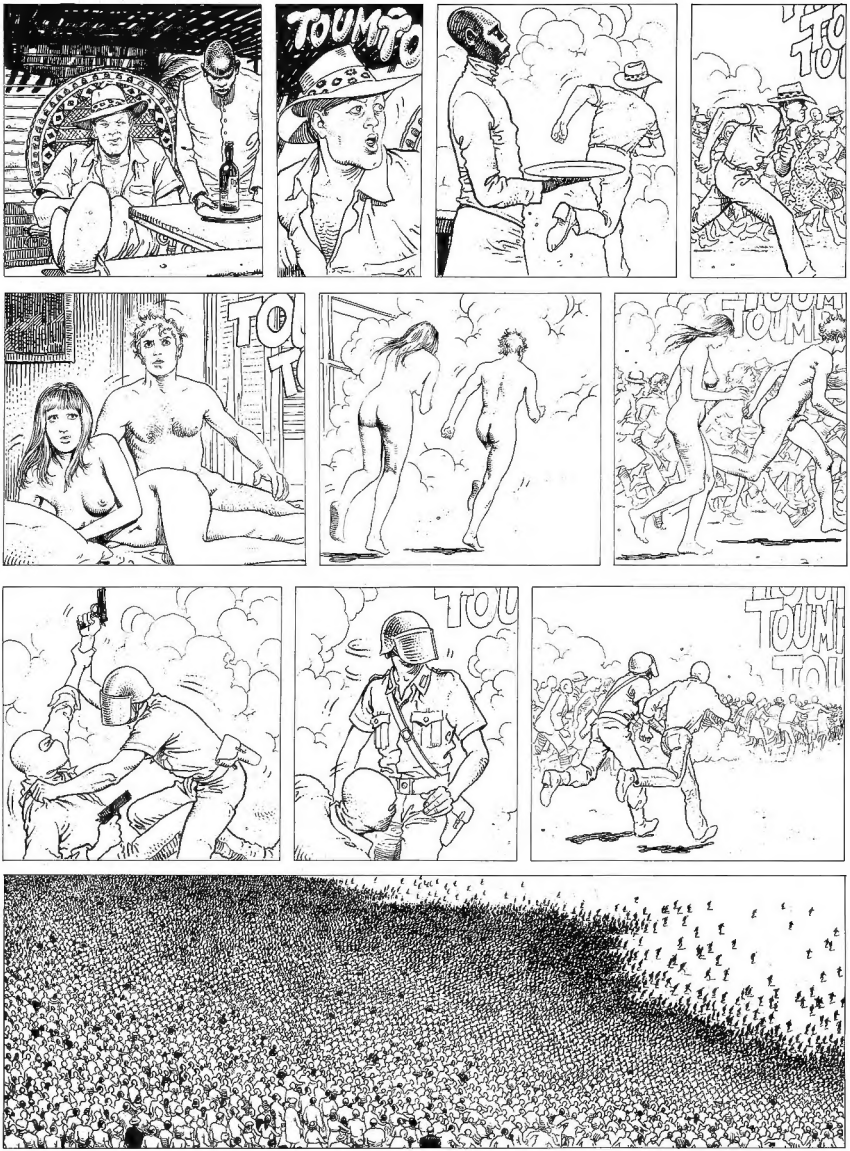
An Author in Search of Six Characters
by Milo Manara


TOUMTO

MRS. R, YOU ARE HERE ALSO? THIS IS WONDERFUL!
I WOULDN'T HAVE MISSED IT FOR ANYTHING! THIS IS SO EXCITING!
CAREFUL, PLEASE! STEP ASIDE FOR THE PRESS!
I'M A JOURNALIST AND I'M HERE TO REPORT ON THIS EVENT. I REFUSE TO BELIEVE IN THE RUMOR THAT THERE IS A MYSTERIOUS FORCE WHICH IS PUSHING PEOPLE TO JUMP...
HEY!
HEY! DON'T PUSH! HEY!
SENSATIONAL! AB-SO-LU-TELY SENSATIONAL!

GET YOUR HANDS OFF OF ME, YOU PIG!
WHAT? ME? WHAT THE HELL ARE YOU TALKING ABOUT?
YOU TAKING YOUR TOOL KIT?
WELL... YOU NEVER KNOW!
I'VE HAD THE FEELING THAT SOMETHING WAS GOING TO HAPPEN FOR SOME TIME NOW!
WELL, IN FACT...
NO! LOU-LOU DON'T JUMP!
LET ME GO! LET ME GO!
IF YOU JUMP, THE STORY IS GOING TO END. YOU'RE PLAYING THE MAIN ROLE! WAIT!
LET'S WAIT AND SEE HOW THIS WILL END. IF WE HAVE TO JUMP, WE'LL JUMP, BUT LET'S WAIT A BIT.
JUMP
JUMP
JUMP
JUMP

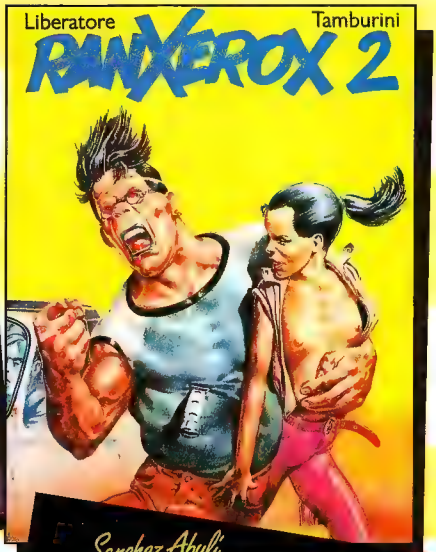
COME CLOSER, WHITE MAN, AND PLAY WITH ME! I KNOW THIS GAME VERY WELL I LEARNED IT LONG AGO. IT'S MY TURN NOW TO LEAD!
ROLLING DRUMS AND EXOTIC RHYTHMS THEY WILL MAKE YOU SUFFER BUT YOU ARE IRRESISTIBLY ATTRACTED
LOOK AND TREMBLE! HERE COME THE SALAMANDERS TO TO BEWITCH YOU.
AND THE SERPENT TO HYPNOTIZE YOU.
COME CLOSER WHITE MAN. FOLLOW THE SOUND OF THE DRUM YOU FEEL GUILTY MY REVENGE FRIGHTENS YOU AND FASCINATES YOU
YOU FEEL THE SAME HORROR AND YET YOU ARE SEDUCED BY BRECHT'S PIRATE SHIP, BRISTLING WITH CANNONS
YOU LOOKED FOR IT INCESSANTLY YET FLED WHEN IT CAME NEAR, AND CALLED IT THE PHANTOM SHIP

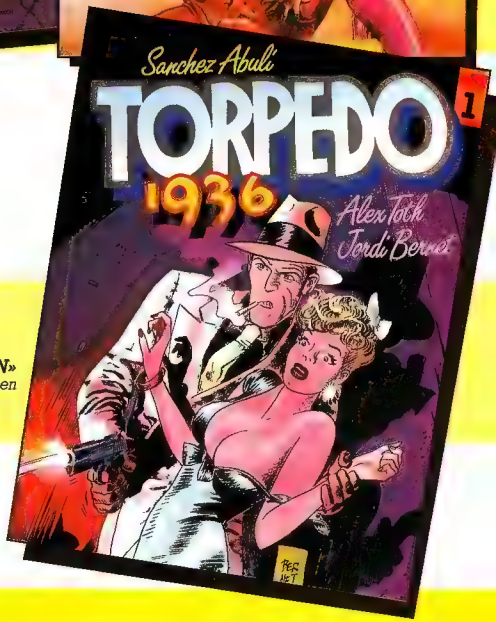
IF YOU HAPPENED TO SEE IT WHILE UNLOADING THE CONTENTS OF YOUR SHIP'S FUTRID HOLDS
OR ON THE GOLDEN COASTS OF AMERICA
YOUR LEWD DESIRES, AS YOU BECAME INCREASINGLY AFRAID, PUSHED YOU, BODY AND SOUL, INTO SWARMING DUNGEONS.
AN ENDLESS FALL! TOTAL ORGASM, SUPERVISED BY INSTRUMENTS OF TORTURE, POLISHED BY REPEATED USAGE!
YOU DREAM OF BEING BLACK, OF BEING BURNED AT THE STAKE, LIKE A WITCH, OF FEELING THE VOLUPTUOUSNESS OF CONFESSION, THE PEACE OF A BEATEN BODY
YOUR HOLY KNIGHTS WENT TO LOOK FOR THIS PEACE IN THE NORTHERN FORESTS..

AND WERE INVINCIBLE AND TRIUMPHANT UNDER THE SCORCHING SUN AND THE BUZZING FLIES OF THE SOUTH !
YOUR ARMIES HAVE ALWAYS BEEN INVINCIBLE ! IT GIVES YOU GREAT PLEASURE YET YOU DREAD THE MOMENT OF ANGER WHICH WILL LET THEM LOOSE !
YOU ARE NEVER FAR FROM THEM EVEN IN AMONG THE PLEASURES OF AN EXOTIC VACATION !
YOU FEEL A SUBLIME EXCITATION THE MOMENT THEIR LOYAL FIST IS LIFTED AGAINST YOU !
SWEET DEPTHS OF LASCIVIOUSNESS ! YOU VIOLATE THEIR TABUS AMIDST A QUIVER OF WHITE THIGHS !

IT ALL TURNS INTO MORBID EXALTATION WHEN YOUR FANTASIES GO BEYOND THE LIMITS YOU HAVE SET FOR THEM
WHAT THE HELL IS HE SAYING?
COME CLOSER, WHITE MAN MY PUNISHMENT FASCINATES YOU
THE DRUM ROLL ECHOS, YOUR STRIDENT NOSTALGIA IS EATING YOU, AND YOU DREAM OF THOSE FABULOUS LOST WORLDS
YOU MUST KNOCK ON THE DOOR OF THE POET WHO MAKES YOUR HEART BLEED
LISTEN, LISTEN TO THE PEOPLE LAUGHING INSIDE!
BUT ONCE YOU'RE IN, SILENCE GREETS YOU

TO BE CONCLUDED NEXT ISSUE





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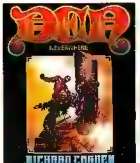

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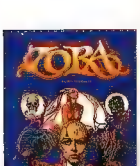

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BODYSSEY

by Simon Revelstroke
Illustrated by Richard Corben

PILGOR THE SAVAGE THRUSTER HAS LOST HIS WIFE (SMEGMELLA) TO THE EVIL SORCERER HUNGHOUL. UNFORTUNATELY, DURING THE CHASE ACROSS THE MAGIC PLANET, HE ALSO LOST HIS MEMORY -- SO THAT NOW PILGOR IS ONLY DIMLY AWARE THAT HE SHOULD BE LOOKING FOR **SOMEONE**.

THIS WORKS OUT EXTREMELY WELL FOR YTGNA, SLYEST OF THE SERPENT FOLK, WHO DECIDES TO USE "*THISSS EMPTY VESSSEL*" - I.E., PILGOR - TO HELP *HIM FIND* **HIS** LOST CONCUBINE, THE VOLUPTUOUS AMMORA.

AND SO...

WHY DO YOU THINK AMMORA'S CAPTORS WOULD BRING HER HERE?

A THOUSAND STENCHES ASSAIL THE GLOWERING HEAVENS: BRINE, SCORCHED MEAT, PICKLOCK WAX, AND SWEATY FLESH; THE SMELL OF DRYING BLOOD, ROTTING MONEY, AND DECAYING BUILDINGS; INCENSE TO MADDEN THE SENSES FUMES TO DEADEN THE NERVES - FOREVER. THE CITY THROBS TO THE BUZZ OF FLIES.

SSSS-SSSS-SSSS. FOULMOUTH ISSS THE GATEWAY TO THE HIGHLANDSSS. THERE ISSS NO OTHER ROAD I WANT TO SSSSEEE IF *THEY* CAME THROUGH *HERE*.

© 1985 RICHARD CORBEN & SIMON REVELSTROKE

AMMORA'SSS A FIGHTER. SHE HATESSS HER TRIBE - THE SSSISSSTERHOOD OF THE GLOWING BUD - AND WOULD NEVER RETURN WILLINGLY. SSSHE MAY HAVE BEEN TOO MUCH FOR THEM. THEY MAY HAVE SSSOLD HER TO ONE OF THESSE SSSSSKIN **DENSSS** IN "DAMAGED" CONDITION.

HEY, MISTUH! YA WANNA BUY SOME PUSSY?

YOU TAKE THAT SSSIDE OF THE SSSTREET.

HOW'LL I KNOW HER?

JUSSST LOOK FOR A BLONDE WHOSSSE JUDDERING BREASSSTSSS ARE LIKE RUBY-CROWNED TEMPLE DOMESSSS.

OH - BIG TITS. OKAY!

NICE GIRLS
SPOP!
UGHH! THAT OFFAL- HOW AWFULL!
ATTENTION, SHOPPERS! STAND BY FOR ANOTHER SLAVE-MART SPECIAL. TODAY ONLY, WHILE SUPPLIES LAST -- TWIN DOXIES, PERFECTLY MATCHED, FOR YOUR MIRROR GAMES!
NICE BOYS HERE
NICE SHEEP (UNSHORN - 1/2 OFF)
WHAT KINDA WENCH D'YA THINK I AM, HUH?
FRESH GIRLS
GET IT WHILE IT'S HOT! RIDE INTO FT. BUSHY TONIGHT.
GROAN! PERHAPS I SHOULD GET BACK INTO CONTROLLABLE SUBSTANCES.
SSSSS S SSS SSS SSS SSSSSS SSSSS S
NUDE BREAK DANCE
HARR! A'REEP? C'DOPEY!
THEY GOT GIRLS IN THERE?
DOES A VAMPIRE SUCK? WHAT DO YOU THINK?
I WOULDN'T GO IN THERE IF I WAS YOU - YOU'LL JUST GET INTO TROUBLE. 'SIDES, IT'S CHEAPER OUT HERE ON THE STREET.
NUDE BREAK WIND DANCE
PHEWK!
BAH! TROUBLE IS MY MIDDLE NAME - I THINK. STAND ASIDE.
HURR! HURR! LOOKA DA POUCH ON DAT CREEP!
BOY, WAIT'LL QUEENIE SEES THAT ONE!
PSST, BUDDY! NO CONCEALED WEAPONS ALLOWED IN HERE. YUCK! YUCK!
WE-ELLLLL... I'M NOT A TRUE BLONDE, BUT WILL THESE DO?
HELL OF A PLACE TO CARRY SUMMER SAUSAGE AROUND IN.
SAY, HE'S CUTE! LOOKIT THOSE EYES!
YEAH? WELL, GET YOUR EYES OFF HIS GONADS!
YO, PILGRIM! WE'S CALLIN' YORE BLUFF. IT'S SHOW AND TELL TIME. YA GOT ANYTHING IN THERE BESIDES DIRTY LAUNDRY?

HEY, PARTNER! I COULD MAKE YOU THE BIGGEST -HEH! HEH!- STAR IN THESE THREE HEMISPHERES.
I'M NOT INTERESTED...
WHOA, BIG FELLA! LOOK BEFORE YA LEAP! THINK OF IT! GIRLS! LOTSA GIRLS! HAPPY VALLEY EVERY NIGHT! LISSEN, YA WANNA DO DINNER?
I'M NOT INTERESTED BUT HAVE YOU SEEN-
A-HA! JUST AS I THOUGHT - A LIMPWANG. CAN'T GET THE OLD LANCE UP, EH? HEY, GUYS!
HE CAN'T GET IT UP! CAN'T GET IT UP!
IF YOU WANT TO GO THROUGH LIFE WITH YOUR BODY INTACT, GET YOUR FUCKING PAWS OFF!
OOOOO! BIG MAN! HEY, GANG - LOOKEE! THIS PUNK'S ALL SHOW AND NO GO!
HAW! HAW! HAW!
LET'S STUFF HIS SAUSAGE IN THE MEAT GRINDER OVER THERE AND SEE WHAT-
BASH!
DUH!
CRASH!
OKAY! WE TRIED TO BE NICE! NOW WASTE 'IS ASS!
KRYNCH
WHEEE!
NOTHING CAN STOP ME...

KRAK!
SS SSSS SSS HE'SS SSSSUNK THISSS TIME!
THUD
UNNGH!
BRAK
K-KLOVK!
THUK
SWOK
AAARGH!
KRASH!
I'LL GIVE YOU A GIRL - TWO GIRLS - A BOY AND HIS DOG - YAAAAAAAHHHHHHH!
BLASH!

HEY! LI'L TOOT'S HERE!
URG!
YAY!
THAT MAN HURT LI'L TOOT'S FRIEND BADASS. LI'L TOOT SHOULD REPOSITION BAD MAN'S LIMBS.
UH-OH!
NOTHING CAN STOP ME- BUT IT SURE AS HELL MIGHT DELAY ME IF I STICK AROUND!
DON'T LET HIM GET AWAY!
AND I PROMISE TO LIGHT SEVEN BLACK CANDLES EVERY NIGHT, IF YOU HELP ME GET AWAY...
HERE HE IS!
ARRRGHH!
MY, LI'L TOOT! YOUR VOCABULARY'S IMPROVING.
SNAP
KRAK!
WHAT IN THE ABYSS...

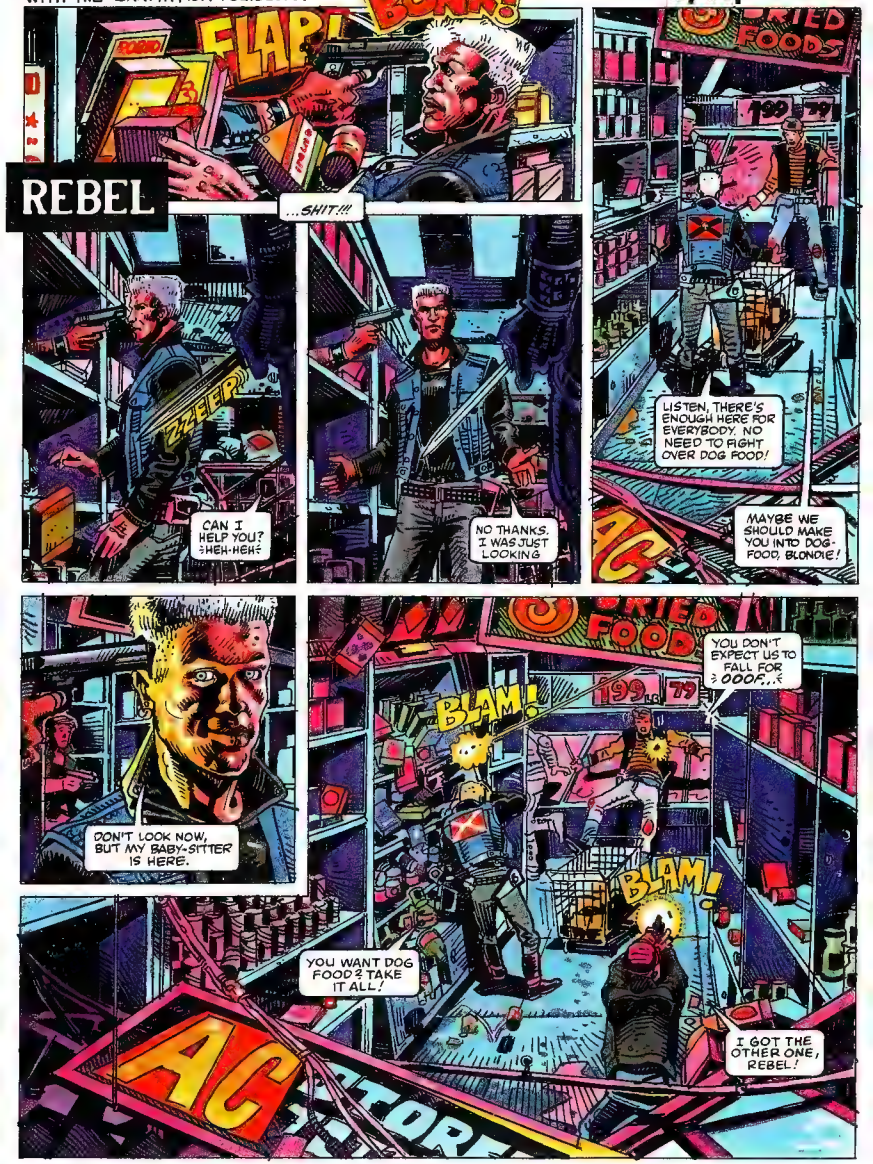
THE DEN OF THE BROTHEL QUEEN
HEW! WHERE AM I?
OOOHHH, LOOK! A BARBARIAN!
THITH ITH THE DEN OF ULTIMATE PERVERTHITY. YOU THINK YOU CAN DROP IN UNANNOUNTHED, YOU THILLY THAVAGE?
THE - TEE-HEE! - PRIVATE CHAMBERTH OF OUR MITHTRETH - THE QUEEN OF THE BLACK COUCH - THUCULLUTH AGRIPPER!
IRRESISTIBLE TO ALL MEN AND WOMEN ALIKE!
DON'T FORGET, DOMESTICATED PETS TOO!
HAIL! HAIL! HAIL!
EMMMMM. YOU SWEET GUARDS - BRING THAT MAN NEAR THAT I MAY BEHOLD HIM.
THUCULLUTH AGRIPPER, I PRESUME. MY NAME IS PILGOR.
SILLY BOY, IT'S SUCULLUS AGRIPPER - UNLESS YOU HAVE A SPEECH IMPEDIMENT. OOOOOOH! SUCH OILED PERFECTION! AND WHAT RIPPLING THEWS! STAY AWHILE AND TARRY WITH ME IN MY BOWER, TALL, DARK, AND DEPRAVED.
UH, I'D REALLY LIKE TO - BUT I'M LOOKING FOR A GIRL...
AREN'T WE ALL, HONEY? PILGOR, YOU DISAPPOINT ME.
... WHOSE BREASTS ARE LIKE QUIVERING EARTH QUAKES.
BIG TITS HUH?
NOT TO WORRY, MY BOWL OF FLESH PUDDING. THIS ENCHANTED VIBRATOR WILL STIFFEN YOUR SWORD...
YEAH, MY SWORD. A LOT OF PEOPLE WANT TO GET THEIR HANDS ON IT...
I'LL DRINK TO THAT!
IT... DOES ...NEED... SOME GRINDING... !PUFF! PANT!?
OH MY! I THINK WE'VE RUBBED YOU THE WRONG WAY. PERHAPS YOU'D LIKE TO SEE MY HIDDEN DELIGHTS.

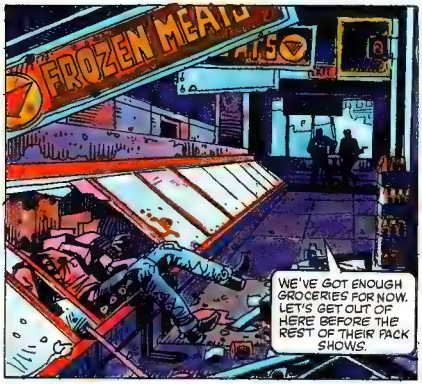
BOP BOP
I GUESS I KNOW WHAT TURNS A MAN ON.
YEEUCCH!
COME HERE, BABE. GIVE US THE KISS OF A SAVAGE!
WHAT AN INSENSITIVE, PRUDISH, SELFISH BITCH YOU ARE! OHHH! AM I GOING TO TEACH YOU A LESSON IN HUMILITY! NO ONE REFUSES SUCULLUS AGRIPPER. NOW...
KNEEL, DOG, AND GAZE INTO THE SACRED PORTAL.
THWOP!
BOY! NOW SUCULLUS CAN TRY OUT FOR THE FOUL-MOUTH GIRLS' CHOIR.

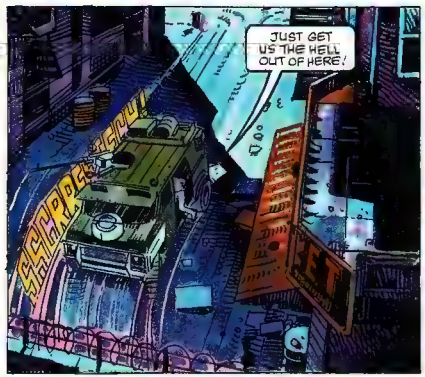
YEOUCH! YOU GODDAMNED AH!
AAGG! SON OF A BIT
BLAMF
WOOOO! HOLY SSHIT! YIIPE!
THUD
MY ACHING SPHINCTER! OUR FLAMING QUEEN'S A FLAMING QUEEN!
QUICK, STUPID! PUT HIM OUT WITH THE AQUARIUM!
PANT! PUFF! PANT! PANT! YTGNA! YTGNA, WHERE ARE YOU?
PILGOR? WHERE'D HE GO? PILGOR? DID YOU SEE HIM?
HE'TH ETHCAPED, YOUR PERVERTHITY!
OH, PILGOR, YOU MAD, TEMPESTUOUS, SUBLIMELY-HUNG HUNK, IT'S ALL COME TOGETHER FOR ME. I THINK I LOVE YOU! GUARDS! I WANT HIM BACK!
OKAY, GUYS - LET'S WIN ONE FOR AGRIPPER!
AND SO...

REBEL AND HIS GANG ARE AT WAR WITH THE SANITATION POLICE....

by Pepe Moreno


REBEL
FLAP!
BONK!
...SHIT!!!
ZZZEP
CAN I HELP YOU? HEH-HEH-
NO THANKS. I WAS JUST LOOKING
FRIED FOODS
199
79
LISTEN, THERE'S ENOUGH HERE FOR EVERYBODY. NO NEED TO FIGHT OVER DOG FOOD!
MAYBE WE SHOULD MAKE YOU INTO DOG-FOOD, BLONDIE!
DON'T LOOK NOW, BUT MY BABY-SITTER IS HERE.
BLAM!
YOU DON'T EXPECT US TO FALL FOR :OOOF..:
YOU WANT DOG FOOD? TAKE IT ALL!
I GOT THE OTHER ONE, REBEL!





HERE COME MORE OF THEM!
TURN AROUND-- QUICK!
BRRRRRRRRRR

UH-OH! NO WAY OUT IN THIS DIREC-TION, EITHER!
LOOKS LIKE WE'RE THE FILLING IN A SANDWICH!
WHAT SHOULD WE DO, ANGEL?
LET'S GIVE THAT VAN SOME VENTILATION.
TUG!
BURN THE PIGS!
GET UP TOP, GYPSY!
TSINNG
NO, YOU GET UP THERE!
SHUT UP, AND STAY PUT!!

ARE YOU NUTS, REBEL?!
WE'RE GONNA CRASH RIGHT INTO THEM!!
TSINNG!
LAP
PLONK
SLAMP
SLAM
NO, WE'RE--
--TAKIN' OFF!
KRRRRR
YA-HOO!
BOOMM
TAT! TAT! TAT!
BLACK KNIGHTS

¡QUE LOCOS!
SCREEEECH
TAKE THE TURRET, GYPSY! I HOPE YOU'VE BEEN OILING THAT OLD NUTCRACKER!
YEAH, AND THINGS LOOK A LOT BETTER FROM HERE!
BRRR

IT'S JUST LIKE THE FOURTH OF JULY!
SORRY WE CAN'T STICK AROUND. THINGS ARE JUST WARMING UP!
LET'S GO!
ABC
VROOMM
UH-OH! LOOKS LIKE WE'VE GOT SOME ANGRY RELATIVES ON OUR TAIL!
KOOOOMMR
WHAT ARE THOSE CARS SUPPOSED TO BE-- DRAGONS?! HA!
HEY! WHY ARE WE RUNNING? I'LL JUST GET UP HERE AND...

FOOOM
YAAOW! I'M ON FIRE!
SHIT! FLAME THROWERS! STEP ON IT!
NO! WE'LL TAKE A CRACK AT THEM!
GET READY!
REBEL TOUCHES THE BRAKES, AND RUDY FIRES AS THE DRAGON DRAWS ALONGSIDE OF THEM...
KLINK
HE MISSES. AND THE DEADLY GAME OF TAG CONTINUES OVER THE CRUMBLING BRIDGE...
GET OUT OF THE WAY, ANGEL! I'LL TAKE HIM!
NO, KEEP BACK! HE'S MINE!
FLOOR WARRIORS TOOLS
PLOK

AS REBEL BRAKES, THE DRAGON CAR RAMS HIM.
WONK!
THE VAN MISSES THE GIRDERS BY INCHES... BUT NOW RUDY HAS A CLEAR SHOT...
BLAM! BLAM
BLAMBLAM!
THE TANKS! AIM FOR HIS KEROSENE TANKS!
I'M TRYING! I'M TRYING!
LOOKS LIKE YOU MISSED AGAIN.
NO, I THINK I GOT HIM.
LOOK! AT LEAST HE'S STALLING OUT!
PUFF PUFF

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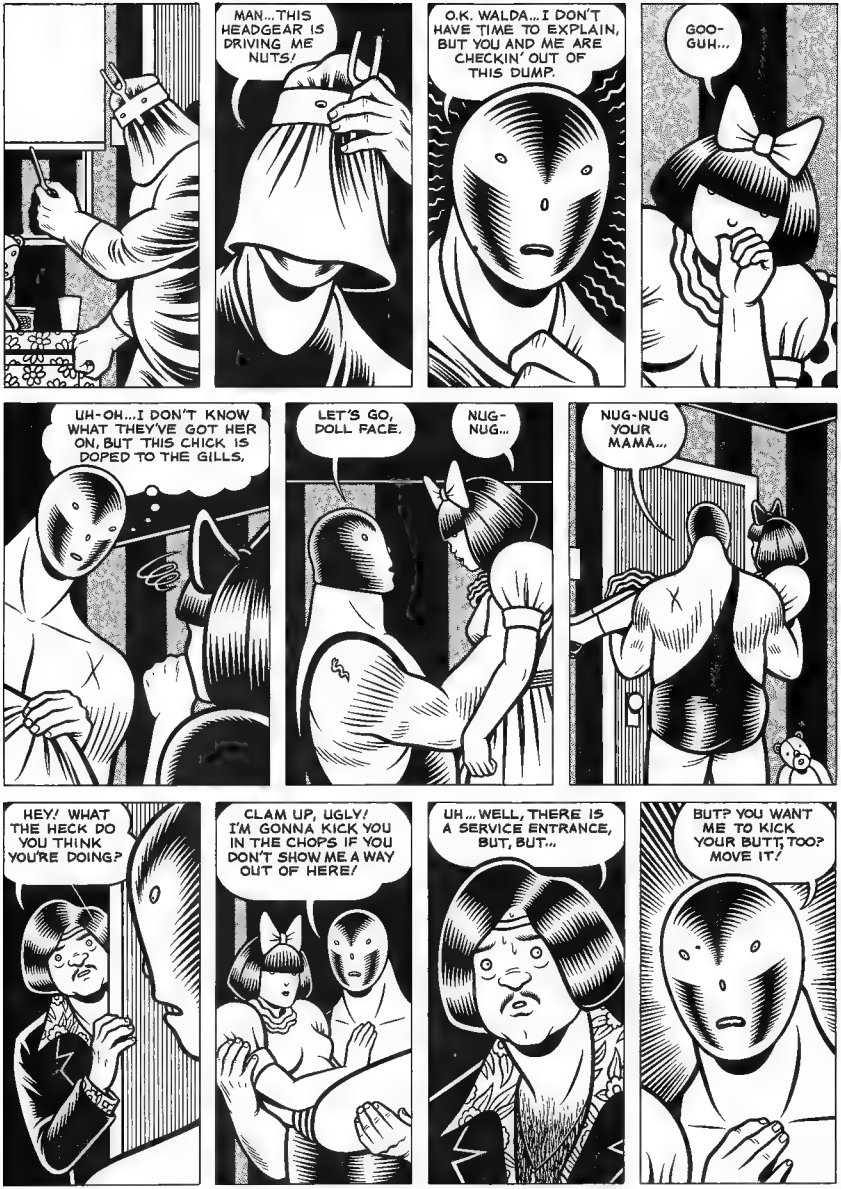
?
DON'T WORRY ABOUT ME, BUB... I'LL JUST KEEP THIS OUTFIT ON FOR NOW.
X-12
©1981 C. BURNS
BY THE WAY, WHERE CAN A GUY GET SEXED DOWN AROUND THIS JOINT?
UH... WELL, WE OFFER A WIDE VARIETY OF ENTERTAINMENT... TAKE THE ELEVATOR DOWN TO LEVEL D... I THINK THEY CAN HELP YOU.
RIGHT ON. SEE YA LATER, BUB.

DING!
DONK!
D
GOOD EVENING, SIR. WHAT CAN I DO FOR YOU?
THE GUY UPSTAIRS SENT ME DOWN HERE.. NOW WHERE'S THE CHICKS?
WELL, WE'VE GOT ALL OF OUR LOVELY LITTLE LADIES ON VIDEO TAPE...
..SO JUST HAVE A SEAT AND IF YOU SEE ANYTHING YOU LIKE, JUST HOLLER!
HI! I'M HONEY SITWELL, 38-22-36..I'M INTO HORSE-BACK RIDING, BACKGAMMON, AND ORAL SEX..
HALF AN HOUR LATER...
..AND I THINK OLDER MEN ARE REALLY SEXY..ESPECIALLY IF THEY HAVE LOADS OF MONEY!
HUH...I COULDN'T FIND EXACTLY WHAT I WAS LOOKING FOR.
AHHH...I THINK I UNDER-STAND NOW... PERHAPS YOU'RE INTERESTED IN SOMETHING A LITTLE MORE... UNUSUAL.

IF YOU'LL FOLLOW ME, I'LL SHOW YOU OUR NEWLY COMPLETED "CRAZY BONE" WING.
NOT ALL OF OUR MEMBERS KNOW ABOUT THIS SECTION... SOME OF THEM ARE JUST A LITTLE TOO, YOU KNOW... OLD FASHIONED.
ALL OF THE ROOMS ARE EQUIPPED WITH SPECIAL TWO WAY MIRRORS SO YOU CAN TAKE A LITTLE SNEAK PREVIEW.
THIS IS THE FUR ROOM... SOME GUYS REALLY GET OFF ON THE FEELING OF FUR... ALL OVER, HEH, HEH...
HERE'S THE PIE ROOM... IF THROWING PIES AT HELPLESS CHICKS IS YOUR IDEA OF FUN, THIS IS FOR YOU!
...THEN WE'VE GOT THE BABY DOLL ROOM...
YEAH, THIS IS IT... SHE'S THE ONE I WANT...
AHHH... YOU SLY OLD DEVIL, YOU... PULL THE SHADE OVER THE MIRROR AND YOU'LL BE READY TO GET DOWN TO BUSINESS! HAVE FUN!
UH... SURE.


MAN... THIS HEADGEAR IS DRIVING ME NUTS!
O.K. WALDA... I DON'T HAVE TIME TO EXPLAIN, BUT YOU AND ME ARE CHECKIN' OUT OF THIS DUMP.
GOO-GUH...
UH-OH... I DON'T KNOW WHAT THEY'VE GOT HER ON, BUT THIS CHICK IS DOPED TO THE GILLS.
LET'S GO, DOLL FACE.
NUG-NUG...
NUG-NUG YOUR MAMA...
HEY! WHAT THE HECK DO YOU THINK YOU'RE DOING?
CLAM UP, UGLY! I'M GONNA KICK YOU IN THE CHOPS IF YOU DON'T SHOW ME A WAY OUT OF HERE!
UH... WELL, THERE IS A SERVICE ENTRANCE, BUT, BUT...
BUT? YOU WANT ME TO KICK YOUR BUTT, TOO? MOVE IT!

A FEW SECONDS LATER...
THIS DOOR WILL TAKE YOU RIGHT OUT TO THE PARKING LOT...
THAT'S GREAT, SONNY, BUT I'M STILL GOING TO HAVE TO POP YOU ONE... JUST BECAUSE YOU'RE SO DAMN UGLY!
WOP!
EXIT
THERE'S THE DOC'S CAR... HE DIDN'T FREAK OUT AFTER ALL...
O.K. POPS, CLIMB ON OUT OF THERE... YOU'RE ON YOUR OWN NOW.
BUT... THAT'S IMPOSSIBLE! IF THE BROTHERHOOD FINDS OUT I HELPED YOU... TH'THEY'LL KILL ME!
TOUGH SHIT.
CESSEE
WHAM!

...FIRST THING I GOTTA DO IS DUMP THIS HEAP AND PICK UP MY OWN RIG...
TWO HOURS AND TEN MINUTES LATER...
DIG IT.
C.B.
BRAAAAMMM!
NOW I HAVE TO FIND A SAFE PLACE TO GET THIS CHICK DRYED OUT... WHAT A MESS.
THIS LOOKS O.K.
Luv Inn
VACANCY
WE HAVE ONE DOUBLE LEFT BUT I'M AFRAID IT DOESN'T HAVE A WATERBED.
I'LL LIVE... GIMME THE KEYS.
OH, YEAH...I'M GONNA BE WANTING A FEW THINGS SENT TO MY ROOM...CAN YOU HANDLE THAT, BUB?
SORRY, WE DON'T MAKE DELIVERIES.
TWENTY CLAMS MAKE YOU HAPPY?
AHEM... WHAT CAN I GET YOU?
I WANT TWO QUARTS OF LA LARDA TEQUILA, A QUART OF DINKELASS BOURBON, THREE CASES OF GREEN DEATH BEER, A COUPLE CARTONS OF GASPERS, LIMES, ICE AND UH... THEY GOT TAKE OUT MEXICAN FOOD AROUND HERE?

CONCLUDED NEXT ISSUE.

TOR IN NEW YORK

©1985 DREW FRIEDMAN

IN EARLY 1963, TOR JOHNSON VACATIONED IN NEW YORK CITY. HE LOVED TO TAKE IN THE SIGHTS

HE HAD A WONDERFUL TIME IN THE METROPOLIS, BUT MOST ALL ENJOYED RIDING THE SUBWAY

Dossier

NEUROMANCER

Omni readers were the first to know. There they sat, magazine spread on their lap, minds half engaged, slowly sucking up the carefully homogenized science, gazing torpidly at the lurid graphics. Then they would turn the page, and there would be a piece of fiction that would slash through their lethargy like an overloaded laser.

With stories like "Burning Chrome," "Johnny Mnemonic," and "New Rose Hotel," **William Gibson** began forging his own world-view. Now he has transmuted those efforts into ***Neuromancer*** (Ace), a virtuoso juggling act of a first novel.

Early in the next century, a computer cowboy named Case is spotted in Chiba, a Japanese underworld. For past transgressions, Case's nervous system has been deliberately damaged by a Russian military mycotoxin. No longer able to jack himself directly into a computer network and ply his trade (Case is to a computer programmer what a sophisticated jewel thief is to a corner jewelry store), Case has sunk to bitter depths in Chiba. He is contacted, "cured," and heads off on a new assignment involving industrial espionage on a grand scale.

Against the backdrop of this fairly standard thriller opening, Gibson brings the world of *Neuromancer* fully alive in all its partially controlled irrationality. *Frame*: the fecund street scene of Chiba, where the black market wares are precision-tailored biologicals (including a brisk trade in genetic data), software, people, arcane weaponry, and designer drugs. *Frame*: the amorphous Northeastern American city-mass known as the Sprawl. *Frame*: the deliriously decadent orbiting resort known as Freeside, and the unsettlingly enigmatic hidden section of Freeside called Straylight. *Frame*: the rich, detailed, and wholly alien environment of a computer network's data banks—experienced directly by all senses when one is jacked-in.

Along the way, a memorable cast of characters is assembled. Maelcum is a space-tug pilot from the floating Rasta colony, where the ganja puffers have programmed a computer with all of popular music from the beginning of recording to date. The computer is constantly sifting the material, grabbing a hook here, a four-bar bridge there, adjusting for key and tempo, and extruding the stuff over speakers in the Rasta colony twenty-four hours a day, seven days a week: the Zion dub. There are Artificial Intelligences that are not human

author William Gibson

in any remote fashion, including the fascinating title character. There are dozens of minor characters, weird street gangs, bartenders, corporate executives. And there is Molly. She is tough, savvy, and possessed of endearing personality quirks that make her the most complex character in the book. I have a permanent crush on Molly.

William Gibson is this year's hungry stranger. He brings to the clubby little world of science fiction a genuinely new perception. His influences are not the safe icons like the Heinleins, but are the harrowing visions of a Robert Stone. He has been compared to the Alfred Bester of the fifties, and the comparison is apt. Like Bester (who once said that "the only way to write a novel is to grab the reader by the throat on the first page and never let him go . . .") Gibson injects several brilliant new speculations into the reader's cranium on every page. His prose moves with a kinetic edginess that yanks the reader along in a stuttering amphetamine hurtle. He gives the impression of continually running right out of control, yet he keeps twenty balls in the air and never drops one.

With only a handful of short stories and a single novel to his credit, he is already becoming an oft-imitated writer. I have it on good authority that Gibson clones have been spotted in the Southwest, both coasts, and a virulent pocket in Wisconsin. But Gibson will not be an easy writer to imitate. His jacked-in, high-velocity street-tech prose is coupled with the kind of perception and empathy that can't be duplicated.

—Steve Brown

HM: You're thirty-six years old, married with two kids, and, although American, you've lived in Vancouver, B.C. for the past twelve years. Why Canada? Was it the draft?

WG: Sort of. I told the Board medics I was a total junkie. I checked yes for every drug listed and added about eight more. They made me 1-Y, I *think* for suspected instability, and I hauled ass up here. But I told them where I was, kept in touch—actually, I kept writing for new cards to replace the ones I'd lose. Just before the system was dismantled, they reclassified me 4-F, possibly as some strange kind of put-down. So technically I've never *evaded*. And I found the real dodger scene too depressing. So I'm an American citizen and the local equivalent of registered alien.

HM: Vancouver seems like an odd place for someone who writes as if he were having a peak Methedrine experience in the middle of Times Square.

WG: Well, you know, it's a *city*. But, yeah, I know what you mean. I live in the kind of neighborhood that used to be Hippie City, and gentrification is setting in fast. Aerobic workout joints where the head

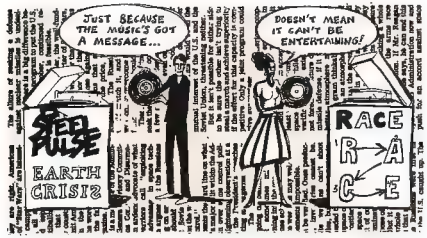
shops used to be. But I like all that shit, or anyway I don't care. And I like seeing trees around, and not having to worry too much about what'll happen to my kids if they walk down the block. I'm not too keen on actually hanging out with the kind of character I tend to write about, although I must've known one or two, somewhere along the line. . . .

"I HAVEN'T READ SF MUCH IN OVER TWENTY YEARS. THERE'S SO MUCH OTHER *REALLY* GREAT STUFF TO READ."

HM: Who would you say the major influences on your writing are?
WG: Influences . . . ack . . . Well, I credit *Starship Troopers* [Heinlein] for saving me from Vietnam, because my reaction at age fourteen was: "This *sucks*!" I read *Naked Lunch* pretty early, around sixteen. I got bored with mainstream sf pretty fast. Of the writers I loved at say, fifteen, Fritz Leiber is the one who's held up the best, and the more I learn of his life, the more I respect him for what he's done. Some of my favorite writers of the past fifteen years: W. Burroughs, T. Southern, R. Stone, H. Thompson, P. Neruda, J. le Carré, J. G. Ballard, S. Delany (up until *Dhalgren* anyway), Paul Scott. I get a lot more in the way of direct inspiration from rock music. I haven't read sf much in over twenty years. There's so much other *really* great stuff to read. Now I read to gather material and momentum for my own work, and I just don't get that from sf. Phil Dick, oddly, has had almost no influence on me or my work. A strange fact and one that I can't explain, except that the combination of acid and *Gravity's Rainbow* had something to do with it.
HM: How about a few words about the music that directly inspires you?
WG: I dug the whole punk thing from the start—or from when I was first aware of it, 1977. I felt kind of embarrassed, because I remember those dorky thirty-year-olds who'd come sleazing around the scene in 1968. But the iconography of it was just sheer beauty to me, like Genet and Burroughs rolled into one shithot semiotic spitball.
HM: There are, I presume, more novels where *Neuromancer* came from?
WG: I'm working on a kind of downbeat

"I GET A LOT MORE IN THE WAY OF DIRECT INSPIRATION FROM ROCK MUSIC."

Joseph Conrad space opera called *The Log of Mustang Sally*, and an indirect sequel to *Neuromancer* called *Count Zero* for Ace.
HM: That's all we have room for, unless you have an opinion on Michael Jackson or a favorite color. . . .
WG: Michael Jackson will go flat fucking crazy eventually—and labial pink.



RACE KEEPS YOUR BODY MOVING WITH ELECTRONIC PULSES LIKE PRINCE, BUT MORE SOULFUL
STEEL PULSE ROCKS YOUR SOUL LIKE A SPED-UP BOB MARLEY
RACE

4 Die in Riots In Black Areas Of South Africa
WITH THE POWER OF CONVICTION BEHIND THE SOUND...
THE POWERFUL LYRICS SEND SHIVERS THROUGH YOUR BODY...

RAVING AND DROOLING

BY LOU STATHIS

UP FROM UNDERGROUND

Every once in a while, a thought occurs to me. (Yeah, miracles *do* happen.) Usually, this particular notion arrives while I'm in a chemically enfeebled condition, waves of sixties nostalgia oozing over my tired limbs like goop leaking from a busted lava lamp. Said thought manifests itself as a disembodied Cheech-like voice whispering smokily, "Like, hey, man, whatever happened to underground comics?" Quickly—so as not to forget the question—my gazelle-like mind races for an answer. One appears. It's simple, really: like a lotta ex-hippies, undergrounds cleaned up their appearance, sharpened their act, and now steadfastly deny that they ever had coccyx-length hair and peace-sign butt-tattoos.

The disappearance of underground comics in the seventies paralleled the death of the counterculture. Whatever their actual content, undergrounds had become too closely identified with the imagery of hippiedom, and when the era's aging adolescents grew out of the trappings of their extended childhood, they (quite naturally) discarded the things that reminded them of those times. (And unlike, for instance, *Mad* magazine, there wasn't a whole new generation of kids to pick up what their elder brothers threw down.) Alcohol, heroin, and cocaine replaced marijuana and LSD as the drugs of choice, signaling (or perhaps causing) a depressing retreat into the self (boring territory, that). Head shops, the undergrounds' primary retail outlet, were disappearing, as much from lack of interest as from new repressive legislation aimed at curbing the sale of drug paraphernalia. Comic shops, which were beginning to show up everywhere, did nothing to pick up the slack, being more interested in twelve-year-olds who grabbed every new Marvel/DC excretion than in adults who might still have a taste for comics (albeit something with a tad more substance than *The Amazing Weasel-Woman*).

So, the field withered and the talent scattered. Some assimilated themselves into the widening mainstream (via pubs like *Playboy*, *High Times*, *National Lampoon*, and, yes, even *HM*—where d'ya think Corben came from?), while others either gave up, isolated themselves from what they perceived as an increasingly hostile world (the dreaded Crumb Syndrome), or tried to weather the transition by any means available to them—teaching,

> *"THE DISAPPEARANCE OF UNDERGROUND COMICS IN THE SEVENTIES PARALLELED THE DEATH OF THE COUNTERCULTURE."*

advertising work, smack dealing, suicide, or merchandising themselves out of insolvency (the dreaded Zippy Syndrome). A couple of efforts were made to pump life into the nearly expired corpse: Denis Kitchen's ill-fated 1974 *Comix Book* (three issues of sanitized idiosyncrasy, with desultory distribution by Marvel), and Art Spiegelman and Bill Griffith's longer lived *Arcade* (the bridge between sleazy undergrounds and Spiegelman's artsier *Raw*), but it was evident that no one out there gave much of a shit. John Holmstrom's *Punk* magazine kept some of the spirit alive, but its main interests were elsewhere (like in the gutter).*

The eighties brought with them (besides AIDS and Ronnie Reagan) *Raw* and *Weirdo*, the simultaneous embodiments of both extremes of the underground spectrum. *Weirdo* is Crumb's attempt to recreate *Zap Comix*, another manifestation of his refusal to accept the present. It is scruffy, quaintly anachronistic, and notable chiefly for the pages of his own work it contains (whatever the old boy's twisted pathology, he still has the knack). *Raw* is Spiegelman's (and publisher/co-editor/spouse Françoise Mouly's) attempt to lift comic art by its bootstraps (sneaker flaps, more appropriately) out of the gutter and into more respectable surroundings. Where *Weirdo* happily trod the grungy underground road, *Raw* opted for the well-ordered path of polyteness and reverence (two options not high on this old crank's hit parade), the sort of elitist remove you find in a gallery or classroom—all qualities antithetical to the exuberantly subversive spirit of the undergrounds. No matter how brilliant any of the individual contributions might have been (and there've been plenty), the air of joyless contrivance in the package was always too off-putting, and though I looked through each issue, I never felt compelled to *read* anything (the same way I rarely feel compelled to stop and study something hanging on a gallery or museum wall). While it might be encouraging to the *browser*, it's uninviting to the *reader*, and reading is still an essential part of the comic experience for me. (I guess it's no surprise that the most compelling thing in each issue for me has been Spiegelman's very traditional "Maus," a straightforward narrative account of his father's life in Nazi-ravaged Poland. Gripping stuff.)

Interestingly, *Raw* has emerged as something of a *Zap* for the eighties—the

*SOMEDAY, THE UGLY TRUTH OF "HOW I KILLED PUNK MAGAZINE" SHOULD BE TOLD. IT INVOLVED AN ARTICLE OF MINE JOHN HAD THE BAD TASTE TO PUBLISH, AND THE HOSTILE REACTION AMONGST THE MAGAZINE'S DISTRIBUTORS CAUSED BY HIS CHOICE OF APPROPRIATE ILLUSTRATION. BUT THAT'S ANOTHER SORDID STORY.

flagship of a new, upwardly mobile, yuppie art underground—comix as "graphix." What this means is that *Raw* gets invited to places a scuzzy little underground would never get *near*, like snooty bookstores and *Artforum*-littered coffee tables. Which ultimately is a good and healthy thing, I guess (yes, that squeaking is the sound of a grudging admission rolling into place), as it breaches ghetto walls that the unsavory format of mags like *Weirdo* reinforces. Thus, while it might put off bohemian old farts like myself, it brings in new blood—readers, buyers, artists, writers—who can only contribute to a growing and changing field.

And things *are* looking good. *Raw* #6 had me laughing harder than any of the previous issues, thanks mostly to Charles Burns, Jerry Moriarty, Joost Swarte, Drew Friedman, and Gary Panter—and even the terminally twisted Mark Beyer, whom I usually find grindingly tedious. Also snazzy is *Raw's* third one shot, **Jerry Moriarty's *Jack Survives***, a funny, surreal collection somewhere between "Krazy Kat," "Blondie," and "Maus " ***Weirdo*** has been reborn under rookie editor **Pete Bagge** (ex of *Stop!* and *Comical Funnies*), and the latest issue (#11) is the best yet—from the magnificent Crumb cover through Kim Deitch's autobiographical "Two Jews from Yonkers," a Big Daddy Roth portfolio, Bruce Carleton's delirious notebooks from his Far East excursion (where he's now scampered back to live; can't get enough of them Asian babes, eh, Bruce?), to Bagge's own "Martini Baton" (amazing how the boy's drawing has matured remarkably in the space of a year).

But, more than just a coupla old fogies feeling oatsy, there's also a buncha young whippersnappers muscling their way forward. Among the best are: ***Bad News***, two issues out, from guys who appear to be (ugh!) students of Spiegelman's at the School of Visual Arts. Though sometimes excessively depressing (the title sez it), editor/contributors **Paul Karasik** and **Mark Newgarden** whip out a good blend of morbid irreverence and loonytoon artistry. My faves are Karasik's arty-farty "Action Comics" (title ironic) and Kaz's neat cover; but hey guys, cheer up! (Probably been hanging out with Beyer.)

Even more depraved is **Adam Parfrey** and **George Petros**'s ***Exit***, with contributions from S. Clay Wilson and Robt. Williams (both reprint), Kim Seltzer, Petros, and the Reverend Jim Jones (no, not *Guyana Guffaws*, but a transcript of his suicide speech, which is *harrowing* stuff). The first issue (now sold-out) is a bit haphazard (as first issues usually are), but truly twisted things are promised for the future (like a compendium of degenerate ideas and scurrilous philosophies).

And if we're talking *warped*, mention must be made of the inimitable **Joe Coleman**, who's got a strip (term used loosely) in *Exit* #1, as well as a book all his own, ***The Mystery of Woolverine Woo-Bait***. I'd venture that Coleman's two biggest influences are S. Clay Wilson and Thomas Noguchi (the Coroner to the Stars), and as much as I relish gruesomeness for its own sake, I must admit to finding *Woo-Bait* fascinatingly impenetrable. Coleman has Panter's quality of captivating offensiveness, and his book must be seen to be believed.

I also like **Peter Dalo's *Casual Casual***, a sloppy little half-sized zine from Toronto that unselfconsciously shuffles around in an endearingly unkempt condition. It's refreshing (a good antidote to *Raw*'s stuffiness), but sometimes the crudeness gets wearying, to the point where a gift certificate to the Famous Cartoonists School seems in order. But thankfully, most of the strips are funny, and rarely exceed two to four pages (ars brevis!). Also: in this highly irregular field, *CC*'s been more regular than an old lady with Haley's M. O. (formerly bimonthly, now quarterly).

The *real* bad news, though, is that ***Stop!*** is no more (cue whimpering). With the just-released ninth emission, the editors (*HM* contributors **Holmstrom** and **J.D. "Too-Tall" King**) have announced they've succumbed to mag fatigue (a virulent plague that cuts down the best of us). So the last refuge of dumb humor bites the dust, but not before going out with a resounding "Woof!" Included are the usual mindless glorifications of low culture (you know, wrestling, schlocky horror flicks, Jackie Coogan, wanky novelty discs—all the stuff you fill time with between buckets of Cool Whip), as well as swell scribbling from all your faves (Holmstrom, King, Carleton, Friedman, and Bagge), and some of your not-so-faves, too (no names, please). And, in its final appearance, the *Stop!* 40—*the* young person's guide to the latest fluctuations on the Big Board of Cool, tabulated from a scrupulous readers' poll (I won't blab the illuminating results, 'cept that it don't include any Limey cross-dressers, bogus royalty from Minneapolis, or touring family song-and-dance acts). I quaver to think what will arise to fill *Stop!*'s Converse All-Stars, but I'm sure these guys won't be idle for long (there's only so much time you can kill watching Kamala the Ugandan Giant punch pud outta some honky chump). A void has opened in my life. . . .

> *"IF DIVERSITY IS HEALTH, THEN THE POST-UNDERGROUND COMICS SCENE IS IN FINE SHAPE."*

Hitchhiking across the Big Drink, we find the Budweiser of Brit B.D., ***Knockabout***, staggering along in fine shape (unlike the rest of Maggie's minions). A new book-like format heralds the "Hell on Earth Issue" (#8), with sixty-four non-asswipe pages filled with superior scrawling—most especially the new Max Zillion, horn-toting hipster adventure from the great **Hunt Emerson** (whaddya mean you don't have a copy of his ***The Big Book of Everything***, published by Knockabout last year?). Other worthy bits come from Chris Welch (a droll little Moebius parody), Savage Pencil (in his classic quadriplegic style), Phil Elliott, and a couple that I can't find signatures for (how about a Table of Contents, mates?).

If diversity is health, then the post-underground comics scene is in fine shape. The only thing that really worries me is the thoroughly distasteful possibility that comics are succumbing to the lust for fine-art acceptance. It's not that (like other pop arts—sf and rock music) comics aren't a legitimate art form deserving of the praise and attention given to the snootier, more intellectually acceptable forms—but with that elevation into so-called "high art" realms comes the sort of tight-ass snakeshit a vibrant avenue of expression can do without. And you can already see that horrific contagion moving in—self-indulgence, introversion, inaccessibility, and downright worthless jacking off. Without being patronizing, comics are at their best as a proletarian art form, a pop art that communicates through a direct, uncontrived language of visual and verbal shorthand, like mass-disseminated hieroglyphics or graffiti. There's a withdrawal from that street sensibility afoot, and with it a loss of power and immediacy. You can see it among art students who use the comic medium and its imagery without understanding its essence (like schmucks who make disco without thinking about dancing), and in galleries, "painters" like Kenny Scharf, Rodney Alan Greenblat, Jean Michel Basquiat, and Keith Haring who litter their canvases with secondhand comic imagery for art consumers who think they're hip to street action. You don't hang comics on walls (or put them in plastic bags)—they're a part of life, they're there to be *read* along with the *Weekly World News*, the *NME*, and the *Washington Post*. This isn't to say they aren't great art that you put away and save afterward, but putting them on this bogus fucking pedestal can only mean the functional death of one of the last authentically subversive art forms.

—Lou Stathis

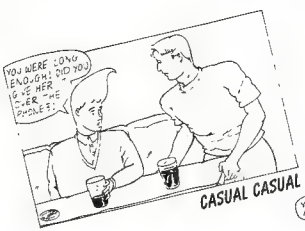
(Addresses: Raw Books, 27 Greene St., New York, NY 10013; *Weirdo*, Last Gasp Eco-Funnies, P.O. Box 212, Berkeley, CA 94701; *Bad News*, P.O. Box 2053, Madison Square Station, New York, NY 10159; *Exit*, 70 Greenwich Avenue, Box 594, New York, NY 10011; *Casual Casual*, 536 Richmond St. West, Toronto, Ontario, Canada M5V 1Y4; *Stop!*, P.O. Box 529, Old Chelsea Station, New York, NY 10113; *Knockabout*, 249 Kensal Road, London, U.K. W10 5DB, Joe Coleman, P.O. Box 1416, New York, NY 10009.)

WEIRDO

STOP!

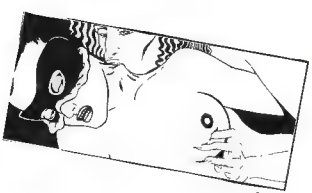
KNOCKABOUT

RAW



CASUAL CASUAL

BAD NEWS


EXIT

BEAT BOX

HERE'S SOME VINYL THAT HELPED MAKE THE LAST FEW MONTHS JUST A BIT MORE BEARABLE:

SCRAPING FOETUS OFF THE WHEEL, **Hole** *(ZE/SOME BIZZARE)*

FOETUS ART TERRORISM, "CALAMITY CRUSH" (ZE/SOME BIZZARE)

CLANDESTINE (NED SUBLETTE AND DAVID VAN TIEGHEM), "RADIO RHYTHM" (SLEEPING BAG)

CABARET VOLTAIRE, "SENSORIA" (VIRGIN/SOME BIZZARE)

CONSPIRACY INTERNATIONAL (CHRIS & COSEY), "HAMMER HOUSE" (UK CTI)

LIVE SKULL EP (MASSIVE)

COMATEENS, "DEAL WITH IT" (MERCURY/VIRGIN)

XTC, "THIS WORLD OVER" (UK VIRGIN)

M + M, "COOLING THE MEDIUM" (RCA)

CHAKK, "OUT OF THE FLESH" (UK DOUBLEVISION)

STAN GETZ AND ALBERT DAILEY, **Poetry** *(ELEKTRA/MUSICIAN)*

JEAN-MICHEL JARRE, **Zoolook** *(FRENCH DREYFUS/JEM DIST.)*

THE RESIDENTS, "SAFETY IS A COOTIE WOOTIE" (RALPH)

This Mortal Coil *(UK 4A.D.)*

R. STEVIE MOORE, **What's the Point?** *(CUNEIFORM)*

TANGERINE DREAM, **Poland** *(UK JIVE/ELECTRO)*

EURYTHMICS, **1984** *(RCA)*

HOLGER CZUKAY, **Der Osten Ist Rot** *(UK VIRGIN)*

DAVID SYLVIAN, **Brilliant Trees** *(UK VIRGIN)*

HANS-JOACHIM ROEDELIUS, **Geschenk des Augenblicks/Gift of the Moment** *(EDITIONS EG)*

Diamanda Galas *(METALANGUAGE)*
BRUCE GILBERT, **This Way** *(UK MUTE)*

CHRIS AND COSEY, **Songs of Love and Lust** *(UK ROUGH TRADE)*

THE RESIDENTS, **What Ever Happened to Vileness Fats?** *(RALPH)*

RHYTHM & NOISE, **Contents Under Notice** *(RALPH)*

BLAINE REININGER, **Night Air** *(BELGIAN ANOTHER SIDE)*

NICK CAVE, **From Her to Eternity** *(UK MUTE)*

FRED FRITH, **Cheap at Half the Price** *(RALPH)*

—LOU STATHIS

THE HM FILMSTRIP

Witness. What Sam Peckinpah was to slo-mo bloodbaths, Aussie director Peter Weir is to clashing cultures—though this time his glorification of simple innocent primitivism raped spiritually by decadent Westerners ain't as heavy-handed as such earlier efforts as *The Year of Living Dangerously*, *Picnic at Hanging Rock*, and *The Last Wave*. Harrison Ford—needing a few more inches whittled from his shtick—is a tough Philly cop investigating a comrade's murder, witnessed only by a shy Amish kid whose cute mom is urging him to shun the violent outside world. Weir subtly transforms this ho-hum premise into an emotionally gripping, utterly convincing story, aided immeasurably by the atmospheric synth score of the usually icky Maurice Jarre, and cinematographer John Seale's amber waves of grain. This supremely satisfying film is definitely Weir's best, and should be enshrined as a prototype of the modern Hollywood masterpiece. (One wonders what Weir would do with the clashing of two totally alien cultures in an sf/fantasy contest—with a script by someone like Michael Bishop.)

—Lou Stathis

The Falcon and the Snowman. John Schlesinger's film is based on a true story—but there's still no sense in it. Two rich California boys who don't seem capable of anything more than freebasing wind up selling classified info to the Soviets for reasons far too mindless to detail here. Schlesinger isn't even able to lay out the basic Who, What, When, Where, and Why. Timothy Hutton's looking better since *Iceman*, but he's hardly caged heat—he's so blah he's positively Fred MacMurrayesque. But the movie must be seen for Sean Penn's performance. It's a *transformation* (not unlike De Niro in *The King of Comedy*) The guy really is amazing

—Steven Maloff

Blood Simple. As a child, I discovered the practice of hyperventilating, holding my breath, standing up, and blacking out. As an adult moviegoer, *Blood Simple* is as close as I've come to duplicating that experience. A bar owner, his wife, his private eye, and her stud tear around like a Rube Goldberg contraption on speed, murdering and swindling and copulating As *Blood Simple* rockets from beginning to end, it's all over the place and almost too out of control for a first-time viewer to neatly tie up loose ends and watch the movie at the same time. But never mind, it's a *gas* (I haven't seen such sweat since *Debbie Does Dallas*—and I'm talking about the *audience*!) Brothers Ethan and Joel Cohen's astonishing debut was named Best Film at the United States Film Festival—and required viewing in the pages of *HM*.

—Steven Maloff

A Private Function. I will never understand the British. This is excruciatingly dull humor—an absurdist comedy of manners. It's post-WWII England on ration, and a lower class couple (he gives pedicures to the rich, she loves to hear about it) decides that stealing a pig will put them on the social map—imagine what bacon could do for a party! The screenwriter, Alan Bennett, was a member of *Beyond the Fringe*, a comedy troupe that enormously influenced Monty Python. Michael Palin's presence as the pedicurist harps on this point, and the movie's peculiar brand of humor, to an irritating degree.

—Steven Maloff

BEYOND
THE VALLEY OF THE VIDEOS

by Jim Farber

Suburbia (1984), Vestron. Directed by Penelope Spheeris.

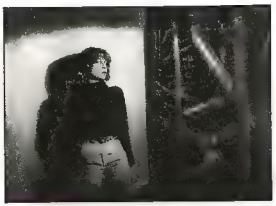
Unlike Penelope Spheeris's first movie (the sycophantic L.A. hard-core punkumentary *The Decline of Western Civilization*), the deceptively titled *Suburbia* manages to present a more evenhanded picture of certain slamdance outcasts. Where her documentary went misty-eyed every time some skinhead burped something about "alienation" (assuming that the exciting music and "scene" gave them moral superiority), here she manages to do the characters justice without jerking them off. There's no voyeurism in her study of the kids' relentlessly grotesque behavior (best shot: a guy shoving a rat's head into his mouth), and no attitudinizing about the broad societal conditions that created this flotsam in the first place. Instead we get a determinedly ambivalent view of people for whom the most extreme punk lyrics are everyday reality.

Faces of Death (1983), Gorgon Video. Directed by Conan LeClaire.

This one's been out for a while, but for all you necrophiliacs it's worth a mention. Much like the delightfully disgusting *Savage Man, Savage Beast*, *Faces of Death* is a mega-schlocky pseudo-documentary on how we croak. Highlights include laughably dubious recreations of a man being turned into ground chuck by a grizzly bear, an electrocution in which pus runs from the victim's mouth and blood from his eyes, plus more autopsies than my hero Thomas Noguchi does in a decade. (These, I guess, are real.) Actually, the most sick, and therefore entertaining, thing in the movie is the narration by the aptly named Dr. Francis Gross. He delivers a nonstop kitsch-filled tirade against violence and death in a brilliantly idiotic attempt to dissociate the movie from its own leering voyeurism.

Fleshburn (1984), Media Home Entertainment. Directed by George Cage.

Here's a weird one. *Fleshburn* tells the story of a maniacal Indian who kidnaps the four shrinks who put him away, dumping them in the desert to fry alive. From there the plot becomes your average struggle-for-survival story, but the characters seem a bit brainier than usual (remember, these *are* shrinks), and the flick also includes an unexpected sign of good politics. The fact that one of the shrinks is gay is revealed in a natural, subtle way—a surprisingly nonexploitive touch amidst otherwise pure exploitation.



The Plumber (1976), Media Home Entertainment. Directed by Peter Weir.

Peter Weir's *The Plumber* is a stilted cinema-of-the-absurd piece of such broad and clumsy metaphors that all art and humanity get trampled in their wake. It's basically a class-conscious *Bartleby the Scrivener*—a low-rent plumber/folk singer comes to fix the waterworks in the apartment of an educationally privileged college professor and *just won't leave*. The plumber plays on the egghead's guilt to make some statement about class politics or modern sex roles or *something*, but it's so muddled and "intellectual" that any real emotional confrontation gets flushed down the toilet.

Christiane F. (1983), Media Home Entertainment. Directed by Ulrich Edel.

Christiane F. is awfully impressed with its own grittily "honest" portrayal of German teenyboppers/heroin addicts/prostitutes. So much so that all it relates credibly is an endless string of disgusting details on the kids' personal habits without ever helping us understand who these creeps really are. We learn zilch about the title character's background or personality. Instead all we get are gory gestures—shooting up with her friends, vomiting on herself, and turning tricks with old scuzbags. For fans of realistic detail there's plenty here to chew on, but ultimately it's all about as emotionally enlightening as your average Linda Blair teen-trash flick (and not nearly as entertaining).

Night of the Bloody Apes (1971), Gorgon Video. Directed by Rene Cardona.

With its zombie-like acting, cheap shove-your-face-in-it gore, and brain-damaged plot, *Night of the Bloody Apes* is an absolute delight. The acting is as mind-bogglingly stoned-out as anything you'd find in an Edward Wood flick, the gore is as unconvincing and relentless as vintage Herschell Gordon Lewis, and the hairy plot manages to work lots of female wrestling into its typical mad-doctor story (a common fetish among Mexican exports like this, believe it or not). The way-out-of-sync dubbing and clumsy translations make the acting ever more thrilling to watch, and you haven't *lived* till you've seen the monster kill someone by ripping his hairpiece off.

Rock Clone

When Byron "Blue Suede" Bluford of Portland, Maine, is given Elvis's own pearl-handled revolver shortly before the King passes on, he knows he has been chosen. From Biddeford to Boston, Byron perfects his imitation Elvis act, until he hears the siren call of Elvis's personal playground: Las Vegas. There "Prince Byron" evolves into "King Byron," complete with bodyguards, groupies, jumpsuits, piles of multi-hued pills, and a block-long Cadillac. **William McCranor Henderson's *Stark Raving Elvis*** (Dutton) has a premise that sounds too absurd to work, but Henderson makes those absurdities part of the book's strength and ends up with an alternately funny and scary look at one man's American Dream corrupted into nightmare. Some rough edges, but very impressive for a first novel.

Michael Barson

Wah? Wah Not.

The body of work created by Pete Wylie (a.k.a. **Wah!** or Wah! Heat or The Mighty Wah! or J.F. Wah!) has never been released in this country, although in the U.K. the guy is so famous he gets flack for being *too* phenomenal, too much the "legend in his own mind" type. But his records speak for themselves, most recently *The Way We Wah!* (a spectacular greatest hits compilation) and *A Word to the Wise Guy* (featuring his most recent hit, "Come Back"). The few who know him here are familiar with his work by way of "The Story of the Blues," a Spectorian single of a few years back that is one of the few records of the genre which can stand with "Be My Baby" as a classic as undeniably great as it is undoubtedly overproduced. Wah! live is nothing less than a revelation, fully able to reproduce the wall of mush yet spewing forth twice the gusto, venom, and thrust a rock artiste should be asked to compare for performance. Of all the recent Liverpudlians -and one in particular has inspired the most hoopla with the least content behind it—Wah! not only is the genuine article, but the most deserving unknown artist not to get an American recording contract in years. Don't relax.

Jon & Sally Tiven

Almost a Collector's Item

"Legendary 1st Issue," boldly proclaims the cover, a reproduction from ***Planet Comics*** #1 (1940). And they're right: the first issue of *Planet*, the first original material science-fiction comic book, *is* a legendary collector's item. Unfortunately, what Pacific Comics has reproduced here is *not Planet Comics* #1. Yes, the features are essentially the same. "Flint Baker," "Auro, Lord of Jupiter," "Fero, Planet Detective," "Spurt Hammond" (great title!), "The Red Comet"—but they are taken from other early numbers of *Planet*. Were the publishers aware of this, or should we call Ralph Nader? Still, some fun reading here, with crisply reproduced artwork. (Blue Dolphin)

—Michael Barson

Comics on File

Howard Keltner's Index to Golden Age Comic Books (1976) is still available and of value to collectors. Keltner's Index lists the contents and cover features of 280 comic book titles from the thirties, forties, and early fifties — the output of forty-nine comics publishers. Thus, if you want to find out which issues of Suspense Comics (1943–46) featured "Mr. Nobody," you're all set. Only problem: no mention of artists. Send $3.75 to Jerry Bails (21101 E. 11 Mile Rd., St. Clair Shores, MI 48081).

—Bhob

PKD

The Novels of Philip K. Dick is **Kim Stanley Robinson**'s revision of his dissertation for the University of California at San Diego, but don't mistake this thought provoking 150-page survey for the usual academic colon irrigation. Instead, Robinson one of the top new sf talents (as witness last year's The Wild Shore), dismantles the underpinnings of PKD's narrative structure to show how his novels are "illuminating metaphors for our present society that subvert the usual sf genre traditions. "In this," concludes Robinson, "and in his orchestration of the elements of science fiction into metaphor systems, Dick was a pioneer in American literature. Outrageously overpriced ($24.95 plus $1.50 postage) from UMI Research (300 N. Zeeb, Ann Arbor, MI 48106), but if you've been wondering which route to take on the Dickscape, then tune in KSR on PKD. With this study (and a full set of PKD titles), you'll be fully prepared for the forthcoming PKD apotheosis.

—Bhob

Vintage Vinge

Reading **Joan D. Vinge**'s latest collection of short fiction, ***Phoenix in the Ashes*** (Bluejay), is a little like itching without scratching. The six stories and novellas (with the exception of "Psiren," a sequel to the 1982 novel, *Psion*) read like Vinge's classic seventies sf and fantasy. But the book lists no dates, no table of contents, and no story-title running heads.

It would be useful to know when these pieces were written, since short fiction was the foundation of Vinge's career (her first Hugo was for a 1977 novelette called "Eyes of Amber"). In the eighties she has concentrated on novels and storybook novelizations of sf epics for the juvenile market.

As might be supposed from the title, the vision in this collection is redemptive—quite different from the universe of the eighties *Snow Queen* cycle and *Psion*. It includes one of her best novellas, "Mother and Child." It's the distinctive Vinge recipe—blend together romance, anthropology, and an alien and you've got a tasty dish of authentic sf.

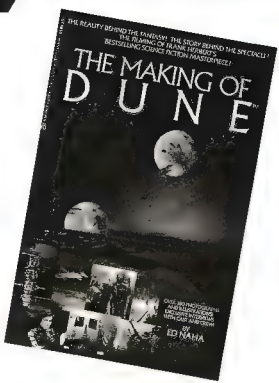
There are afterwords written by Vinge for each of the six pieces and twelve interior illustrations. The real irritation here is that the author isn't writing more of the short fiction that she does so well.

—Constance Ash

Nahallynched

Thought it was hard work just *watching* David Lynch's *Dune*, eh? Well, with ***The Making of Dune*** (Berkley), you can read all about how tough the thing was to *make*, and realize you got off easy. Detailing the daily travails is *HM*'s own Mr. Hollywood, **Ed Naha**, and frankly there's a bit too much of the "Sure, it was grueling, but boy, was it great!" sort of chat from the endless parade of thespians trotting through the Mexico locations—and not nearly enough penetration of enigmatic writer-director Lynch's creative psyche (admittedly, the guy's a tough nut to crack). Plenty of droll on-the-set horror stories 'n' hijinx, though (especially the heroic struggle to minimize any resemblance between those cute sandworms and a rather rude portion of the male anatomy).

—Lou Stathis



Siegel and Shuster Dateline 1930's

Siegel and Shuster, Dateline 1930's #1 (ECLIPSE) DISPLAYS PREVIOUS UNPUBLISHED ART BY THE YOUNG Superman JERRY SIEGEL AND JOE SHUSTER Cleveland Shopping News AND Popular Comics Monthly

Ratso's Palazzo

The Correct Sadist

by Larry Sloman

I never really understood sadomasochism. I could fathom it intellectually, see it as some sort of twisted mutation of Reichian life-force—a sort of sexual pinball game where orgone energy careens out of control and thuds helplessly off the rubber bumpers, then gets knocked up onto the grid again and again until finally it disappears down some hole only to pop up again, eager for the plunger and another ride around the board.

But I couldn't really get it viscerally. Longing for a switch across the back or a bright red rubber ball stuffed into the mouth, infusing a shiny black stiletto heel with all the power and mystery of a totem, were alien to me. Besides, I'd had one experience with a sadomasochistic relationship and I was a total failure. A friend, a girl of about twenty-five, one day told me she had become a slave. Further inquiry revealed that her "master" was a junior account executive in a Madison Avenue ad agency who, after work, would order her to come over and give his friends blowjobs.

Needless to say, I mocked this trivialization of what was essentially a highly dramatic enterprise. I laughed at her puny excuse for a "master" and instructed her in the classic style of S&M, information I had gleaned from readings like *Venus in Furs* and de Sade. Next thing I knew, she presented herself at my feet.

But I was a failure. Confronted with a will that wanted only to reflect mine, things went stale quick. No, I won't send you over to give Kinky a blowjob. No, I don't want to handcuff you to the fire escape for five hours—what if the fucking neighbors see? How can you serve me? Alphabetize my record collection.

The whole thing blew up in bed one night a few weeks later, and she cried hysterically that I didn't love her because I wouldn't beat her. It was true. I was no master.

I was no slave either. I didn't really feel a desire to convince myself that intense pain at the hands of a dominant woman was pleasurable. Besides, being of the Jewish persuasion, I didn't need an Other to torture me.

What got me to thinking about the S&M experience again was meeting Terence Sellers. It was at a wedding reception, and there on a couch was a woman who seemed, well, different. She sat upright, almost regal, surveying the room with an attitude that bordered on indifference. She wore black leather, and the contrast between her pale white skin and fiery red hair was striking. We struck up a conversation, found that we were both writers, both partisans of Nietzsche, and we promised to trade books. I gave her my book on Dylan's Rolling Thunder Revue, and she gave me her book, *The Correct Sadist*.

It's a curious book. The first section, "Bad Blood," documents Terence's awareness of her sadomasochistic nature. The second part, "The Leeching," is a handbook of S&M techniques, from verbal humiliation to penis torture to fetishism to urolagnia and coprophagy (playing with number one and number two, to the uninitiated). The last part, "Tourniquet," is a moving chronicle of her spiritual odyssey through the S&M netherworld. All in all, a valuable contribution to literature. I called and told her so, and we made plans to meet and discuss her work.

We got together one snowy morning in February. We met at a friend's dungeon in lower Manhattan. It was in an old office building that housed manufacturers, media concerns, and schlock law offices. And one house of dominance.

Terence showed me around the dungeon. There were the usual implements of that sort of torture—a rack, a flat wooden bed, clothespins, needles, ropes, whips housed in an impressive old safe. In one corner, a surgical bed, in another, an elevated throne-type chair. The huge cast-iron window grates were illuminated dramatically by neon light, the only source of light in the room other than candles. It was almost medieval.

We repaired to an office in the back and began talking. I told her that the image that came to mind after reading the book was the Escher drawing of a serpent eating its own tail.

"You got it. Sadomasochism is like a compulsion, an addiction. The tentative fascination, the feeling you're destined to do this. Then rushing into it and getting all involved, then feeling guilty. Wanting to kill yourself, then falling to pieces."

Destined? Well, I guess that was a romantic way of looking at it. One is different, one doesn't belong. Terence smiled.

"It gives you a sense of pride to feel you were born that way. Alternatively you feel a sense of absolute despair, and that's the sadomasochistic relationship with yourself right there. You're in this struggle of dominance and submission with the rest of the world."

"Yeah, it's much more mundane to think that you weren't toilet trained right or something," I said.

"That sounds really wimpy." Terence screwed up her face. "Like, 'If it wasn't for Mommy I wouldn't be like this.' "

Terence doesn't really blame Mommy. Oh, she grew up in Washington, D.C. feeling neglected and abandoned. She fantasized that she was an orphan. She didn't fit, at home or at Catholic school. That was a major element in her awakening, her Catholic background.

"S&M is very Catholic," she smiled. "The evil sinner. I have never met a lapsed Catholic who didn't understand sado-masochism very intimately."

She describes the priests and nuns as sadistic, violent authority figures who constantly made the kids submit to them. She uses words like "mortal terror" and "persecution." "All the rituals of religious worship crop up in sadomasochism. Kneeling, crawling, bowing down."

At fifteen she realized she was a masochist, that she had gone through life being bullied and tortured and teased. She

was sensitive. She was different. She went to college for a year in New Mexico, but her father went bankrupt. She made her way to New York, where she hoped to write and find some Medici to support her artistic inclinations. She found herself in a hovel with no phone, no money, working as a secretary by day and staring at the walls trying to write by night. It was then she read de Sade and started delving into the occult.

"De Sade is so brilliant," she said with much enthusiasm. "He gave me a lot of insights into myself. Then I studied the occult and was very impressed with the idea that one could acquire personal power through discipline, self-control. Everything came together then. I realized that S&M was a really strong theme for me. When you study writers you see that throughout their life certain themes are dominant, and they become obsessed with those themes. S&M was the theme for me."

By this time she was working as a topless dancer, and one day a customer said he'd take her away from it all. He admired her leather attire and her insouciance, the way she'd kick drinks into guys' laps with total disdain as she danced. He wasn't just some big shot who imported watches. He also owned a house with a room for dominatrixes.

"I told him I didn't want to do straight sex," Terence recalled. "I was a lesbian. A real man hater. That was how I was dealing with my masochism and sadism toward men."

She started her career as a sadist/dominatrix, all the while chronicling it with the intent of writing her book. "I was being very violent toward men. I'd say things like 'Look at that worthless penis. It's going to fall off. Look how small it is.' Even if it was huge, hitting the guy's chin. I didn't really believe in making people feel ashamed of their sexuality, but I did it to them because someone else had done something to them that was so intolerable that the only way they could live with it was to sexualize it. It's a mysterious process, making it become a source of pleasure instead of pain.

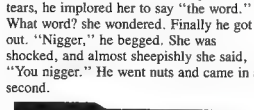
"This one guy wanted me to cut up his cock and balls with a razor blade. I started cutting him a little bit, I cut him some more, and finally there was so much blood I said, 'Look, this is getting dangerous, I can't do this anymore,' and he looked down and said in a really blasé tone, 'Oh, is that all you're going to do?' There was this pool of blood running down between his legs. Later I asked him what he did for a living, and he said he was an anesthesiologist. I asked him if he had given himself a shot before he came over and he said no, he had been in a Vietnamese POW camp. And I realized that he must have felt guilty that he came back alive and that his pals didn't. The only way he could bear the pain of that experience was to turn it into some kind of pleasure and to reenact certain scenes, imaginary or real. Over and over."

"Doesn't that guilt feeling permeate the whole S&M relationship?" I asked.

"Yeah. Lots of my clients feel guilty for being male. They think men are the inferior sex, and when I'm doing the psychodrama that's all I need. They'll go, 'Why are you doing this to me?' and I'll go, 'Because you're male.' And they'll moan, 'Oh, I know, I know.' There's no way out for them. It's funny, after four months of being a dominatrix, I didn't really feel hostile toward men anymore. I felt sorry for them. For the first time in my life I saw them as human beings who were vulnerable. Until then I had always seen them as torturers, manipulators, monsters, or creeps."

So she fell in love with a man and had a boring, normal relationship that lasted three years. But there were other things that led her to question her whole involvement in the S&M matrix. She remembers two case studies that contributed.

She was once visited by an old black man, around sixty, who came up from Philadelphia to bow and scrape at her booted feet. He was into verbal abuse, and she was giving him the works—the worthless-pig, little-worm routines—and after a half hour of this he looked up, and through eyes that were swimming with tears, he implored her to say "the word." What word? she wondered. Finally he got it out. "Nigger," he begged. She was shocked, and almost sheepishly she said, "You nigger." He went nuts and came in a second.



"I'd had one experience with a sadomasochistic relationship and I was a total failure."

The second case study still makes her angry. A little scared-looking guy came in one day clutching a brown paper bag. "What's in the bag?" "It's my bird," he told her. "My bird died." She began to feel a little weird, but she opened the bag and, sure enough, there was a canary corpse. Terence said, "That's too bad." Suddenly the guy went crazy. "No, no. You killed it. You killed it because I was a bad boy." Oh, that's right, she suddenly remembered, he was a bad boy. She left the room to regain her composure.

When she came back she was in character. As she wailed away on the bird execution fantasy, the wimp interrupted. "Mistress, a request. I want you to step on it with your bare feet." No way, Jose, she thought. "I'll step on it with my boots on." "Okay. Okay." So she left the room once more and reentered shouting,

photo: George DeBose

Terence Sellers

photo George DiDese

Terence Sellers

"Where's that bad boy?" She proceeded to give him a spanking and he cried, "Where's my bird? I can't find it, did it fly away?" She said, "I killed your bird because you are such a bad boy." He groveled and cried hysterically, and got really aroused. Finally she took the bird out of the bag and stuck it in his face. "See? I killed it. And just to show you what I think of you and your sweet little pets I'm going to tear it to pieces." She put the bird on the hard bed, stepped up on the platform, and started stomping on it.

"While I'm doing this, I'm thinking that I'm really fucking sick," Terence recalled. What made it tolerable was that she felt this bird thing was some terrible pain that this guy couldn't bear, some childhood trauma, and she was just helping him work it out. She asked him if it really was his bird. No, he said, he had just found it on the way over. That's when she felt she had done something perverted.

"Those are the moments when you feel like a hooker," she fumed. "That's why

Sellers: "It's funny, after four months of being a dominatrix, I didn't really feel hostile toward men anymore."

people in this business quit all the time. They get burned out. I quit. But then you remember the kicks, too. A really good bondage session, or you miss dressing up. I have a leather fetish, and I missed that moment when you walk in the room and they're absolutely terrorized by you. You're walking on your stage, your castle keep, and you make this impression—*boom*!"

But my impression from the book was that the ritual had become empty, that the hunter had been captured by the game, that Terence had become the real victim, the one that was really in bondage as a witness to the pathetic needs of her little worms.

"It's true. I got hooked on the high of being told that I was great, perfect, without my earning it. It was solely on the basis of the way I looked and the theatrical thing I could do, but *I* actually wasn't doing it. I forgot about my occult studies and my writing, I forgot all my self-discipline. I was just completely involved in this thing and I didn't really have any authority over them except in this narrow situation. In other words, my lust for power became greater, and they no longer satisfied it." She laughed.

Bigger worm farms? Now she's writing again, and not just about S&M, either. She's working on a novel about a psychopathic boy who has religious delusions that he's one of the elect of God and who eventually tries to commit suicide after murdering someone. It's called *The Degenerate*. But she still gets drawn back to her work as a dominatrix.

"I'm better at it now," she said. "I'm capable of more violence with less emotional reaction. I have more of a sense of responsibility, and that's what keeps the situation from being psychopathic. I'm not doing it under the same compulsion that I used to. Recently, I didn't work for six months. I broke up with my boyfriend and I was angry all the time, screaming at people, kicking car doors shut, having violent dreams. So I thought, I've got to see some clients. Because it's a safe, hermetic situation. Everything's set up, all the rules, and I can be as violent as I like, and it sort of ends up in a vacuum. Somebody receives it who needs it. I'm plus one and he's minus one and it equals zero.

"I have a friend who's a detective and he told me that it's a good thing I'm around because I'm smart about these things, that these things are dangerous. He made me feel better about what I do. If someone can find me, they're assured that they're not in the hands of some pissed-off psychopathic woman who's going to further traumatize them. As long as the psychiatric profession and organized religion stay at war with people's sexuality there're going to be sexual surrogates. I'm studying criminology now. Maybe one day I'll work with the really heavy sadistic psychopaths, the ones who are in jail for cutting up and torturing people. I think I can understand people like that."

Terence was sounding positively socially responsible. She was comparing herself to a dermatologist who treats the pimple that bursts, cleaning the surface so the patient feels better. She talked about the relationships she had developed with her clients, some going back eight years—"the real long-term relationships in my life." It was almost as if she was a missionary of sorts—some sexual saint, ravaging the body, torturing the flesh, submitting to and administering the worst trials in order to release the soul. It was as if she was working toward a cure, hers and theirs.

She thought about that. "I'm not really trying to work toward a cure. I'm just trying to work toward a perfect adaptation, to live with what I am. There's no real cure."

I brought up Nietzsche again. Her struggle was almost heroic, the Nietzschean ideal of taming the Dionysian, disciplining and restraining the wildness and the madness and the excess.

Terence nodded. "But never denying it. Hardly even restraining it." She looked vacantly out the window at the falling snow. Then she turned to me and smiled mischievously. "Just putting the tiniest of little chains around it and learning to ride it. I want to keep it a bucking bronco." ■

Close, but No Segar

Today's newspaper comics page looms like an abandoned amusement park—once splendiferous but now neglected, falling into decay and ruin. A comparison with the comic pages of sixty years ago exposes many current strips as claustrophobically reduced daily cheats, dashed off by smug doodlers who mistakenly believe their roughs are finished art simply because they used ink—a bizarro world where mediocrity, being better than poor, receives acclaim. Better to forget the current decline and time-travel instead back to earlier decades when, as Elzie Crisler Segar realized, a theater could be staged in a thimble; an era when strips held such enchantment they radiated a newspaper nimbus resembling the nighttime glow over an amusement park going full tilt. Better to revel in the past by mailing for a six-issue subscription ($16.00) to *Nemo, The Classic Comics Library*, an astonishing, nostalgic look back from Fantagraphics (publishers of *The Comics Journal*)

Nemo's first nine issues had those along for the ride gasping and delightfully dizzy at the discovery of such yesteryear talents as the sardonic Harry J. Tuthill, creator of "The Bungle Family" (described by *Nemo* editor Rick Marschall as "a sustained, masterful indictment of petit bourgeois sensibilities"), and fantasist Harry Grant Dart, who fashioned grandiose architectural displays for his airship tale, "The Explorigator," a 1908 New York *World* strip. In addition to pre-"Krazy Kat" strips by Herriman, Marschall has also excavated the first Superman story (from a 1933 mimeographed fanzine), an unpublished 1930 "Popeye" novel, an autobiographical sketch by Windsor McCay ("Little Nemo"), a 1953 "Flash Gordon" episode penciled by Frazetta and scripted by Kurtzman, and an unpublished interview with the late Hal Foster ("Prince Valiant")

As Popeye might put it, Marschall knows his anchovies. He wrote his master's thesis on American cartoon and humor magazines, and his background as a newspaper feature editor, collector, cartoonist, and syndicate editor makes him uniquely qualified to captain *Nemo* on this titanic comics salvage job. So much has already been lost: cartoonists dispersed their work to the winds, newspapers let back files rot, and syndicates flushed away their own history.

Sunday pages suffer in reduction to *Nemo*'s standard magazine size, so the solution is "The *Nemo* Bookshelf," reprint volumes measuring eleven by fifteen inches, and beginning with *The Complete E. C. Segar "Popeye"*—an in-progress eight-volume set spanning the years 1929 to 1938. Segar is with us today in ways other than Popeye merchandising. His flair for humorous action drawing influenced Jack Davis; look up "goon" and "jeep" in your Webster's, and you'll find Segar credited with their coining. Segar began "Thimble Theater" as a 1919 daily, started his Sunday page in 1925, and added Popeye to the "Thimble" cast in 1929. The Thimble Theater troupe kept right on emoting after their creator's 1938 death—at age forty-four—but the strip was never the same. At least three different writers have compared Segar to Dickens; as his plots got more twisted, so did his characters. His gift was simply this: he was a humorist, dramatist, and satirist all rolled in one, and wherever his pen touched paper, the ink came out funny.

"No strip," writes Jules Feiffer in his introduction to volume one, "housed more contradictions, a noisy tenement of clashing impulses: gentleness meets with nastiness; courtesy meets with violence, greed, loutishness, and brutishness knock heads with kindness, righteousness, and moral vigor. . . . Segar was very good in his time, but times have gotten worse, and he is even better in ours."

Absolutely. And once Fantagraphics finishes the other seven Popeye books, we can all sit back, read a Segar page a day, and totally ignore today's papers with their miserable, lifeless strips

—Bhob

(Fantagraphics: 196 W. Haviland Lane, Stamford, CT 06903.)

I DON'T SEE HIM AROUND. I SUPPOSE HE BEAT IT FEARING THAT I'D BAWL HIM OUT
8
BATHING WILL HELP SOME — I DON'T THINK MUCH OF A MAN THAT WOULD DO A THING LIKE THIS
9
I'LL KISS IT — THAT'LL SURE MAKE IT WELL, WONT IT POPEYE?
SWEE'PEA
HE HIT ME ON THE MOUTH TOO

The Classics

Is the current sorry state of comics getting you down? Wait! Don't run out and join the Merchant Marines just yet. Instead, check out some of the fine (and affordable) reprints of comicdom's past glories—such as ***Superman, from the Thirties to the Eighties*** (Crown), an updating of the volume issued a decade ago, which concluded with the Man of Steel's seventies adventures. For my money, the eighties didn't add much to the Superman mythos—neither did the sixties or seventies, for that matter—but

this collection is worth it for the first three decades covered. The well-chosen stories, printed in black-and white with color cover reproductions, include Supe's first meeting with Mr. Mxyzptlk, a couple of confrontations with Lex Luthor, some good WWII propaganda, and guys named Toyman and Funnyface. Supergirl's origin from 1959 is also there, which may or may not be of interest to those who saw the recent movie. Me? I'm waiting for the adventures of Krypto the superdog to be made into a TV miniseries.

Superman isn't the only comic character who's declined since Ike vacated the White House. You'd never know how wild and woolly that original comic-strip cop, Dick Tracy, really was from the foolishness now appearing in your daily paper. But in the thirties and forties, this dick was one hard-boiled hog. Tony Raiola has reissued twelve of his best cases in limited editions, including such classics as ***Dick Tracy Foils the Mad Doc Hump*** from 1934, and ***Dick Tracy Meets the Blank*** from 1937. In black-and-white with swell color covers, from the days when America really knew how to sublimate a depressed economy. It's rated R for violence that would crack a smile on Dirty Harry.

The last *really* good comic books you could buy for a dime were the EC group, whose heyday was from 1950 to 1954. The establishment of the Comics Code seal (that little stamp cluttering the upper right corner of the cover of your new *X-Men*) spelled the end for *Weird Science Fantasy*, *Tales from the Crypt*, and *Frontline Combat*. Since the late sixties, John Benson has been celebrating EC comics and their creators in his zine ***Squa Tront***. The latest is number nine, and it's the most elaborate yet, with lotsa color, and detailed looks at Wally Wood's unsold 1949 projects for the Fox company, staff Christmas parties (where they exchanged cards like "The Crypt of Crap" and "Crime Does *So* Pay!"), and best of all, "The EC Writers," with credits for most of the hundreds of EC stories. *Squa Tront* is best appreciated by those who have already been exposed to the EC madness of thirty years ago, either from having lived through it or retrospectively through reprints.

Crime Suspenstories is the ninth set of EC titles published by Russ Cochran in his deluxe, state-of-the-art reprint series. Like the others, it features the color covers of each issue (twenty-seven in this case), with black-and-white interiors shot from the original art, printed on large, high-grade paper, and slipcased in hard covers. What differentiates *Crime Suspenstories*, then, is not the packaging but the contents. Although *Tales from the Crypt* and *Weird Science* were more ballyhooed when this series was announced, some fans found that it was not nearly as much fun plowing through 800 pages of rotting corpses and slavering BEMs as they'd anticipated. The level of invention in *Crime Suspenstories* seems considerably higher for some reason, even though the book drew on the same unsurpassed artist stable as the horror/sf titles: Graham "Ghastly" Ingels, Jack Davis, Jack "I'm No Hack!" Kamen, Wally Wood, and above all, Johnny Craig. Craig both wrote and drew the lead stories in the first twenty-odd issues, and did most of the covers as well (including one of a knife-wielding maniac guaranteed to haunt you), making him this year's choice for unsung EC *auteur*. Ninety bucks is a pile for a single purchase, granted—but *Crime Suspenstories* will offer you dozens of suggestions on how to steal it back, so just look on it as an educational investment.

If these collections of great comics from the past inspire you to start hunting for the originals, Marcia Leiter's ***Collecting Comic Books*** (Little, Brown) will tell you how to go about it. This is a *very* basic handbook which explains how to grade, store, sell, index, and invest in comics. Personally, I'd rather just *read* the damn things.

—Mike Barson

(Tony Raiola: Box 14361, Long Beach, CA 90803. John Benson: 205 West 80th Street, #2E, New York, NY 10024. Russ Cochran: P.O. Box 469, West Plains, MO 65775.)

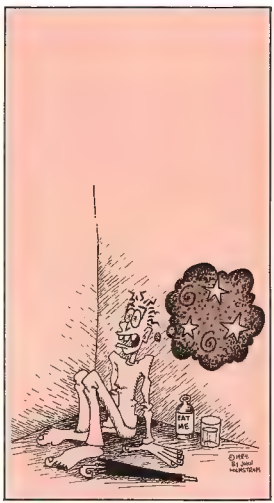
JOHN HOLMSTROM'S HI-TECH LOWDOWN

When sick people feel the urge to murder, have perverted sex, or blow up the world, they do it. Normal people watch splatter movies, read skin magazines, or play sick games on their computer.

I'm a real fan of sick games. Although lots of computer games are a little strange, I wouldn't call every game that has sick stuff in it a sick game. For instance, Electronic Arts' **Seven Cities of Gold** is a fantasy/role-playing game where you explore and conquer a foreign country, swindling natives out of goods, food, and gold. If you can't reason with them, or trick them with "magic," you massacre them and take everything of theirs you want. But Seven Cities isn't a sick game—it's educational. I'm talking really *warped* games. Like:

Speed Racer (T&F Software) The first famous video game was Death Race 2000. It was publicized all over the place, from *Reader's Digest* to "60 Minutes," 'cause it promoted deviant behavior. The object of Death Race was to run over "gremlins," who'd scream when you hit them. Speed Racer is a driving game that reminds me a lot of Death Race. Only there's a lot more to run over: motorcycles, hardhats, little old ladies, policemen, and even dogs! You can run them over for "devilish" points, or avoid them for "heavenly" points. And there's a nice touch when you run over somebody—a great "splat!" sound effect, and a big red bloodstain on the road.

Impossible Mission (Epyx) Here's a great arcade-style game that features some pretty sick stuff. The plot involves Professor Elvin Atombender, a mad scientist who's tampered with the world's military computers so they'll launch enough missiles to roast the planet. If you want to stop him, you have to find thirty-six pieces to nine puzzles which give you a secret password that will let you stop the missiles. The pieces are scattered all over his apartment, though, so you have to search everywhere—the furniture, kitchen appliances, candy machines, wastebaskets, stereo . . . even the toilets. I blew up the world a couple of dozen times before I could finally solve the game. The sick kick to this game comes from the realistic effects. Instead of moving a cartoon figure, you operate a realistic human who can run, operate a computer, and do somersaults. And when the guard robots electrocute the guy, it's as realistic an effect as you'll find in any game—until he falls down a bottomless pit! The piercing cry of agony you hear when that happens is so bloodchilling, you'll want to hear it over and over.



The Institute (Screenplay) The Institute is a graphic adventure game that takes place in a mental hospital. To play it, you have to spend a lot of time in the closet, taking drugs and nodding out.

When the game begins, you're lying on a bed in an empty hospital room, so drugged up you can't move. A disfigured dwarf tells you you're locked up for political reasons. Once you wake up, there's not a lot to do. Your counselor tells you that you're locked up for your own good, and sprays your face with Mace if you try anything funny. The inmates are too whacked out to talk to. So you steal drugs out of the dispensary, wash them down, and dream. If you can solve the dreams, you can escape the institute. Along the way you have to attack the counselor several times, get locked up in a padded cell, kick a midget, slice up a lizard, and jump off the *Titanic*. Me, I'm staying in the closet with the drugs. Who'd want to give up a deal like that?

NATO Commander (Microprose Software) NATO Commander is a military simulation game in which Warsaw Pact forces unleash an unexpected attack on NATO defenses in Germany. As the box says, "Three skill levels and an infinite number of game variations provide challenge and excitement for all players who would like to wear the four stars of a general and command the NATO armies!" The "Pre-Emptive Strike" scenario allows you to "take the initiative" and kick Commie ass. Or try "The Battle of Germany"—you can launch nuclear weapons when you choose that one! Or choose the "impossible" level of difficulty, and watch the Soviet war machine roll through Germany the way Hitler took Europe. Not that the NATO alliance is that defenseless; you've got SAM missiles, helicopters, mechanized infantry units, armored cavalry units, militia, and more. You can also use chemical weapons if you want, but they reduce the effectiveness of your infantry.

It's a good thing I'm not the NATO Commander, because I get my butt smeared all over Europe every time I play. As military simulations go it's not bad, but I prefer playing fun war games—like Tigers in the Snow, which is based on the Battle of the Bulge. But any game that teletypes messages to you from the Commander in Chief allowing you to drop the bomb on the Commies is really sick, so I kind of like it.

There isn't a whole lot of interesting stuff happening on the computer scene lately, and the video arcade boom died a long time ago. So I'm taking a break from writing about video games, computers, and stuff like that. This is the last Hi-Tech Lowdown, folks.

—John Holmstrom

CHAIN MAIL

Dear *HM*:

I have just finished reading the November issue of Chain Mail. I find it very disturbing to see so many *sic*'s in one letter. As to the content of this letter and that of several others, I seem to be out of step with a vocal section of your readers. I make an effort to listen to most types of music and I have to admit that most of what is written doesn't inspire me at all. I guess I'm not the type who wants permenant (*sic—no kidding*) brain dammage (*sic—honestly*). I just want it noted that not all *HM* readers want to be deaf by the age of thirty.

Keep up the good work, and remember, it's an ill wind that blows no change. (*And he who can't spell makes us sic.*—eds.)

Miles H. Ostler
Hamilton, Ontario
Canada

LS:

Arghh! Arghh! Talking Heads are sensitive fucking *artists*! You say they suck! *You* suck! Arghh! Talking Heads are great! Their music is more meaningful than your sick fucking magazine! Have some taste, you sphincter-faced assholes! Braghhh! *Stop Making Sense* is great! LS: Go suck moose scrotums! Your reviews suck like you! Talking Heads are great! Braghh!

A. Sharp
Chadds Ford, PA

(*A. Sharp wouldn't be a pseudonym for Brian Eno, would it?*—eds.)

Dear *HM*:

It continually escapes me how a publication of your quality, with the boldness and foresight to publish some of the world's finest contemporary narrative art, remains enslaved to juvenile macho images that generally confine your audience to a bunch of unsophisticated heavy metal (the music, not the mag) cretins. It is a contradiction insulting to the intelligence to be served the visions of fine international artists like P. Christin, Schuiten, Fellini, Kirchner, etc., on the same platter as serious reviews of the latest in commercial schlock from the American film, music, and book industries, not to mention the letters in Chain Mail from congenital dolts extolling the virtues of the latest fad video or vinyl from, say, Mötley Crüe or Twisted Sister. It seems clear that your staff is an intelligent group of people concerned with the future of quality noncommercial/underground art forms. Why must you repeatedly blemish your achievements with concessions to a less sophisticated audience? Do you need the subscriptions *that* badly? (*Who, us?*—eds.)

I seriously believe that there is a line to be drawn, and however fine it may be, it will ultimately determine the fate of your publication either as a genuine force in the recognition of modern alternative art, or as just another cheap American sensationalist entertainment package like television or the Top 40. (*Uh, okay, we'd rather be a genuine force in the recognition of modern alternative art.*—eds.)

Carl Schroeder
Boston, MA

Dear *HM*:

Please let Miss Hull of California know that she can shove her comment about "Lann" up her "Little Annie Fannie." Where does she get off? (*If it's her fanne, she's in luck.*—eds.) My great escape is my Metal Mag. I loved Frank Thorne's "Ghita of Alizarr" in *1994*.

I'm one of your elite female readers who look up to the tough all-conquering female image so many of your artists portray. Please don't take "Lann" away. I love her.

Teresa Caudle
Elkin, NC

(*And we love a girl who'll stand by her Lann.*—eds.)

Dear *HM*.

Your January '85 issue was great as usual. Filled with stories of fantasy and adventure! I really enjoyed "An Author in Search of Six Characters." It showed a person with a certain naive charm which exists in all of us. It also showed the topsy-turvy unexpected that can happen in different situations. Please include more of Boris Vallejo's artwork in your magazine. I think his work shows vivid emotion Whether it be horror, beauty, courage, or fear, the emotions are quite obvious. I also enjoyed "Crabs." It blended science fantasy with the normalness and drudgery of everyday life. (*Sorry to hear this.*—eds.) Keep up the good work!

James Headrick
Essex, MD

Dear *HM*:

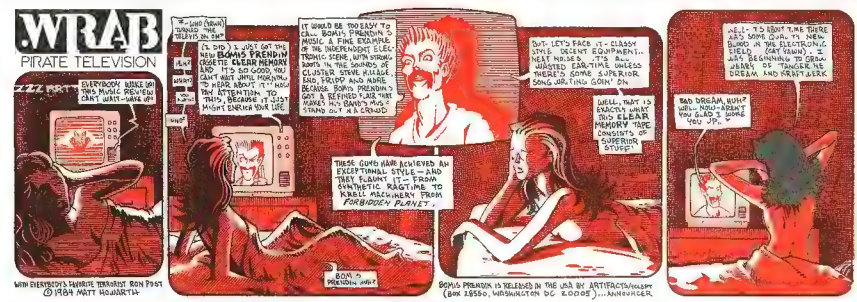
It has come to my attention that the neo-puritanical media-control powers-that-be have caused quite a number of graphic castrations in your magazine, most recently in mid-blow (Oct. '84, p. 62).

Let's hope they stay satisfied with lopping *paper* putzes, hmmm . . .

Meanwhile, what I want to know is: What becomes of all these missing members?

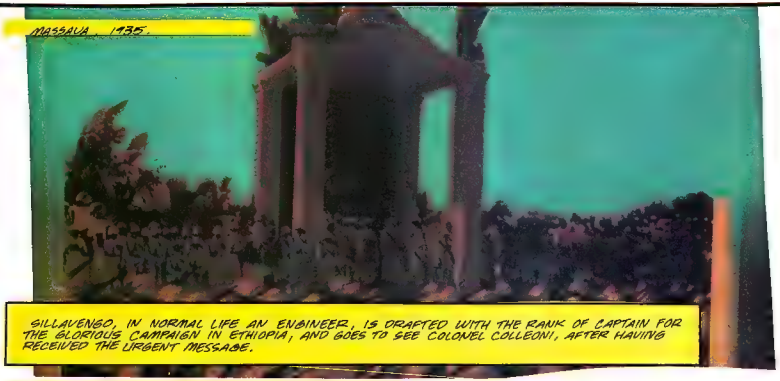
If they're just lying like two dimensional sausages in some filing cabinet cum organ bank, I'd like to borrow them to use in the chapter of my book on censorship, *The Second Inquisition*. Specifically, the chapter entitled "Raiders of the Lost Dorks." Hoping to hear from you, I remain

Sarah Mowney
Hidden Hills, CA


WRAB
PIRATE TELEVISION
EVERYBODY WAKE UP! THIS MUSIC REVIEW CAN'T WAIT—WAKE UP!
ZZZZ
WITH EVERYBODY'S FAVORITE TERRORIST RON POST
©1984 MATT HOWARTH
I LOVE CHAOS!
I'M SO BORED!
WHAT?
I'LL DO IT. I JUST GOT THE NEW BOMB PREMIUM CASSETTE CLEAR MEMORY AND IT'S SO GOOD, YOU CAN'T MISS SMILE MORTON... TO HEAR ABOUT IT!! NOW PAY ATTENTION TO THIS, BECAUSE IT JUST MIGHT ENRICH YOUR LIFE.
IT WOULD BE TOO EASY TO CALL BOMB PREMIUM'S MUSIC A FINE EXAMPLE OF THE INDEPENDENT ELECTRONIC SCENE, WITH STRONG ROOTS IN THE SOUNDS OF CLUSTER, STEVE HILLAGE, BAND, FRIDAY NIGHT AND ABBA. BECAUSE BOMB PREMIUM'S GOT A REFINED KNACK FOR MAKES HIS BAND'S MUSIC STAND OUT AS A CROWD.
THESE GUYS HAVE ACHIEVED AN EXCEPTIONAL STYLE — AND THEY ELEVATE IT — FROM SYNTHETIC RAGTIME TO XEROX MACHINERY FROM FORBIDDEN PLANET.
BOM B PREMIUM MUSIC
BUT- LET'S FACE IT - CLASSY STYLE DECENT EQUIPMENT... NEAT NOISES... IT'S A... WASTED EAR-TIME UNLESS THERE'S SOME SUPERIOR SONG WRITING GOIN' ON.
WELL, THAT IS EXACTLY WHAT THIS CLEAR MEMORY TAPE CONSISTS OF. SUPERIOR STUFF!
BOMB PREMIUM IS RELEASED IN THE USA BY ARTIFACTS/WASP (BOX 28580, WASHINGTON DC 20005)...ANNOUNCER.
WELL - I'D KNOW THERE ARE SOME GUYS IN NEW BLOOD IN THE ELECTRONIC FIELD (CRY YAWN) - ARE BEGINNING TO GRASP ABBEY OF TANGERINE DREAM AND KRAFTWERK
BAD DREAM, HUH? WELL, NOW-ABOUT YOU GUYS I WORE YOU UP...

MASSIMO GHINI

AUTOCRACY



SILLAVENGO, IN NORMAL LIFE AN ENGINEER, IS DRAFTED WITH THE RANK OF CAPTAIN FOR THE GLORIOUS CAMPAIGN IN ETHIOPIA, AND GOES TO SEE COLONEL COLLEONI, AFTER HAVING RECEIVED THE URGENT MESSAGE.

DE BONO HIMSELF HAS SHOWN AN INTEREST IN HIM.

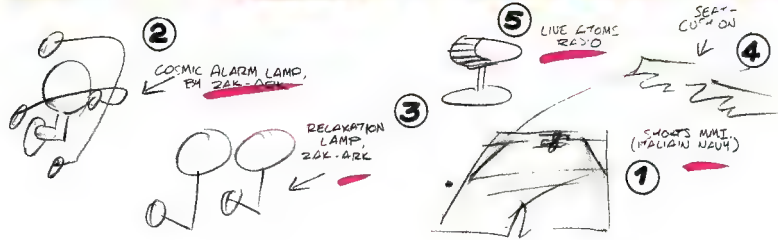
COLONEL, I WOULD LIKE TO FIND OUT A LITTLE MORE ABOUT THIS AFFAIR.
YOU WILL BE RECEIVING INSTRUCTIONS IN A LITTLE WHILE. YOU ARE REQUESTED TO PRESENT YOURSELF TO COMMANDER PRINCIVALLE. YOU WILL BE A GUEST ON HIS SHIP. I HAVE APPOINTED A WORTHY ASCARI TO TAKE CARE OF YOU.

ITALAR
BESCIR, TAKE CARE OF THE LUGGAGE AND THEN JOIN ME IN MY CABIN. HURRY!

COMMANDER PRINCIPALLE, CAPTAIN SILLAVENGO IS HERE.
I'LL BE RIGHT THERE
1

THIS IS THE COOLEST CABIN ON THE SHIP. YOU CAN'T TAKE RISKS WITH THIS HEAT. THE AFRICAN SUN BEATS ON THIS SHIP AND TURNS IT INTO AN OVEN.
2
3
4
5

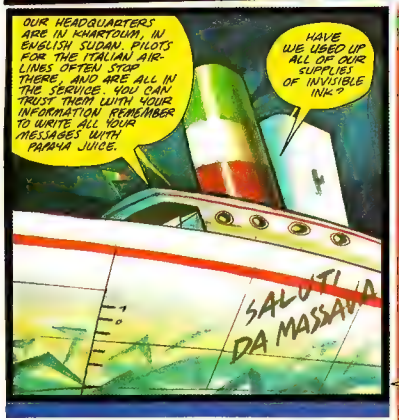
ALONE AT LAST, CAPTAIN SILLAVENGO STARTS SORTING OUT HIS MYSTERIOUS PAPERS.


2
COSMIC ALARM LAMP, PH ZAK-AFK
3
RELAXATION LAMP, ZAK-ARK
5
LIVE ATOMS RAYO
SEAT-CUSH ON
4
SHOOTS MMI. (MALIGN NEUV)
1

IN THE EVENING, CAPTAIN SILLAVENGO GOES UP TO THE DECK AND PRINCIVALLE INTRODUCES HIM TO SOME OF THE PASSENGERS.

THEY SIT DOWN TO ENJOY THE SEA BREEZE: THE HEAT IS REALLY INFERNAL.

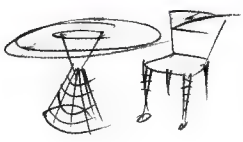
PRINCIVALLE STARTS TALKING ABOUT THE MISSION. "REMEMBER THAT YOU WILL HAVE TO KEEP VERY QUIET IN ADDIS ABEBA. WE JUST LOST A VERY EFFICIENT GERMAN COLONEL WHO HAD THE BAD HABIT TO CONFIDE IN HIS WIFE AND WOULD TELL HER EVEN OF HIS SECRET MISSIONS.
6
7


OUR HEADQUARTERS ARE IN KHARTOUM, IN ENGLISH SUDAN. PILOTS FOR THE ITALIAN AIR-LINES OFTEN STOP THERE, AND ARE ALL IN THE SERVICE. YOU CAN TRUST THEM WITH YOUR INFORMATION. REMEMBER TO WRITE ALL YOUR MESSAGES WITH PAPAYA JUICE.
HAVE WE USED UP ALL OF OUR SUPPLIES OF INVISIBLE INK?
SALUTI DA MASSAUA

LATER...
I MUST LEAVE YOU NOW, BECAUSE I HAVE TO TAKE CARE OF THE SHIP. I SUGGEST THAT YOU SLEEP ON DECK TONIGHT. JUST TAKE A BLANKET. IT'S ALL YOU'LL NEED.
REMEMBER THAT YOU HAVE TO BE READY TO LEAVE THE SHIP VERY EARLY TOMORROW MORNING, AND THAT YOU WILL HAVE TO SPEND A LOT OF TIME AT THE BRITISH EMBASSY IN ORDER TO GET YOUR PAPERS.

6

AIRPOST LAMP, TABLE AND CHAIR, BY ANDREA GALLIERI



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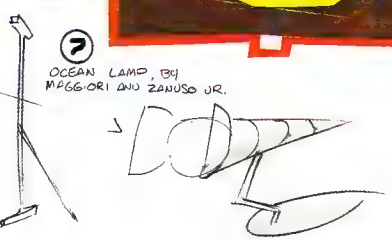
OCEAN LAMP, BY MAGGIORI AND ZANUSO JR.



CAPTAIN SILLAVENGO IS IN CAIRO, WAITING FOR HIS VISA FOR SUDAN.

I SHOULD CONGRATULATE THE INTELLIGENCE SERVICE. THAT GUY HAS BEEN FOLLOWING ME SINCE CUSTOMS.

DRIN

HELLO, CAPTAIN SILLAVENGO? YOUR VISA RF

TO MEET SOMEBODY YOU KNOW IN AFRICA IS NOT TOO DIFFICULT. WHY NOT AT THE HADI-HALFA AIRPORT?

MCGROHOZUN!

SILLAVENGO! WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE?

THE SAME OLD ROUTINE. I'M GOING TO GEBEL-AULIA, TO SEE THE SITE OF THE NEW DAM.

YOU WILL BE CLOSE TO SENNAR, WHERE I HAVE MY OASIS. I HOPE YOU WILL BE A GUEST IN MY CASTLE. PATRIZIA FALCONI DELLA MARTINELLA WILL BE THERE, AND I SEEM TO REMEMBER THAT YOU HAD A SOFT SPOT FOR HER..

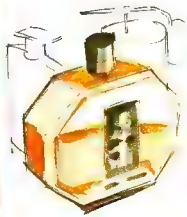
ANYBODY ELSE BESIDE IS WAITING FOR THE CAPTAIN IN KHARTOUM...

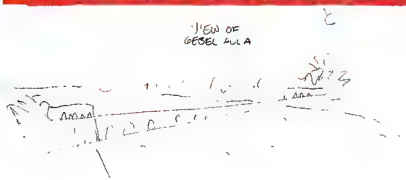
8 ATMOS LAMID, DESIGN BY CORRADO MAURIZIO.

FROM THE CAPTAIN'S DIARY:
- I SAW HER AT THE GRAND HOTEL AS SHE WAS ABOUT TO CLIMB INTO HER ALFA ROMEO. 8 CYLINDERS. I DIDN'T STOP TO THINK WHETHER SO MUCH LUXURY SEEMED OUT OF PLACE.
I LIFTED MY HAT, IN GREETING, ACCORDING TO INSTRUCTIONS.
SHE ANSWERED ME WITH A SLIGHT NOD AND SHE
...LEFT. I COULDN'T UNDERSTAND HOW SHE AND I COULD EVER BE ALONE TOGETHER SINCE SHE WAS ALWAYS SURROUNDED BY ADMIRERS... I WENT BACK TO MY HOTEL.
I FOUND HER IN MY BATHROOM, NAKED. SHE NEVER ANSWERED ANY OF MY QUESTIONS, BUT, WHILE WE WERE MAKING LOVE, SHE NEVER STOPPED ASKING ME ABOUT MY MISSION.
9
SURREALIST HAT, BY CLAUDE MONTANA
10
EARRING, BY GRAZIA GALLIERI
STRAW HAT, MASSIMO GIANNI

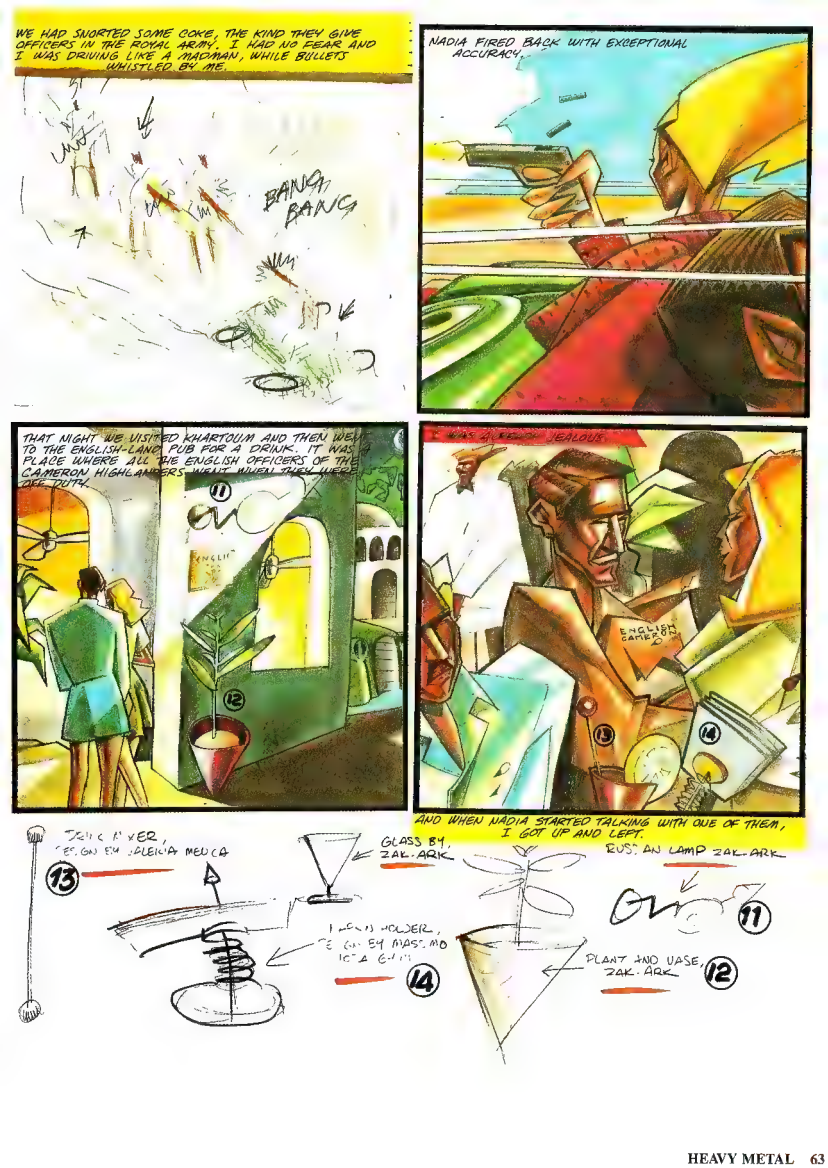
!! THE NEXT DAY WE WENT TO GEBEL-AULIA TO TAKE SOME PICTURES OF THE DAM. I HAD TO RENDER A FEW PERSPECTIVE VIEWS OF IT

I OBSERVED HER CLOSELY AND ASKED A LOT OF QUESTIONS. NADIA WAS MIFFED WHEN I ASKED HER FOR A REPORT ON THE SITUATION, BUT IN THE END I DISCOVERED WHAT I WANTED TO KNOW. THAT SAME EVENING I WOULD SEND BESCIR TO THE AIRPORT WITH A MESSAGE FOR PRINCIVALLE, WRITTEN WITH THE JUICE OF PAPAYAS WE HAD PICKED AT GEBEL-AULIA.





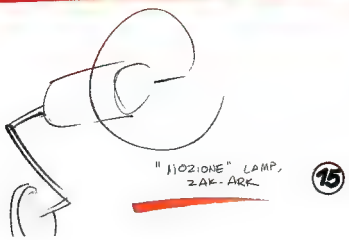
BEWARE OF THE MAHDI !!

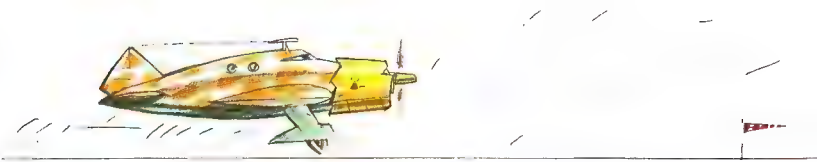

WE HAD SNORTED SOME COKE, THE KIND THEY GIVE OFFICERS IN THE ROYAL ARMY. I HAD NO FEAR AND I WAS DRIVING LIKE A MADMAN, WHILE BULLETS WHISTLED BY ME.
BANG BANG
NADIA FIRED BACK WITH EXCEPTIONAL ACCURACY.
THAT NIGHT WE VISITED KHARTOUM AND THEN WENT TO THE ENGLISH-LANGUAGE PUB FOR A DRINK. IT WAS A PLACE WHERE ALL THE ENGLISH OFFICERS OF THE CAMERON HIGHLANDERS WENT WHEN THEY WERE OFF DUTY.
ENGLISH
I WAS A LITTLE JEALOUS.
ENGLISH CAMERON
AND WHEN NADIA STARTED TALKING WITH ONE OF THEM, I GOT UP AND LEFT.
GLASS BY ZAK-ARK
RUSTIC LAMP ZAK-ARK
PLANT AND VASE ZAK-ARK
11
12
13
14

I REALIZED I HADN'T BEEN ABLE TO CONTROL MYSELF. I COULD HAVE BETRAYED MYSELF. SO I SENT BESCIR TO THE AIRPORT RIGHT AWAY CARRYING THE MESSAGE FOR PRINCIVALLE.
LIEUTENANT, AGENT K1 SENDS YOU A MESSAGE AND ALSO SAYS THAT HE WILL BE LEAVING WITH YOU TOMORROW.
GOOD! TELL HIM I WILL EXPECT HIM AT NINE A.M.
MASSIMO SFORZO RECLUTAMENTO SUDAN DEFENSE FORCE NON SUPERA I 25000 FUCILI -ALT- 18 APPARECCHI BOMBARDIERI SMONTATI IN CASSE SBARCATI AL PORT SUDAN SARANNO SUBITO AVVIATI E MONTATI A TBARA -ALT- PERTANTO NUMERO APPARECCHI SALE A 40 CON TOTALE 28 BOMBARDIERI
*TRANSLATION
AGENTE K1
AS CHANCE WOULD HAVE IT, BESCIR SAW NADIA POINT OUT MY WINDOW THE ONLY ONE WITH THE LIGHTS STILL ON, TO THE ENGLISH POLICE.
IMPERIAL HOTEL
*TRANSLATION
THE DRAFTING EFFORT FOR THE SUDAN DEFENSE FORCE WILL NOT GO BEYOND 25,000 RIFLES. UNASSEMBLED, WITH GUNS. 18 BOMBER PLANES, UNASSEMBLED, WILL BE DISCHARGED IN PORT SUDAN AND WILL BE ASSEMBLED IN TBARA. PUT IN SERVICE AT ATBARA. STOP. TOTAL NUMBER OF PLANES: 40 - 28 OF THEM BOMBERS.

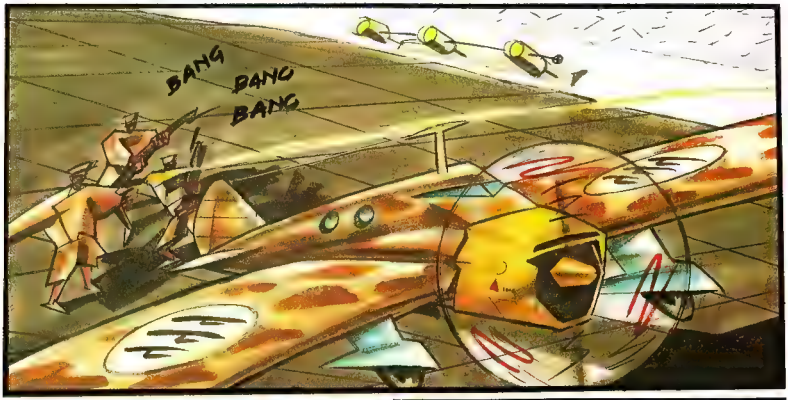
*FRAGMENTS FROM OLD ITALIAN SONGS FROM THE THIRTY'S.

THE LIEUTENANT PILOT HAD ALREADY STARTED THE ENGINES OF HIS MACCHI PLANE... I COULD HEAR SHOUTS AND COMMOTION BEHIND ME.





A BULLET GRAZED MY HAND AS I WAS CLIMBING ON THE PLANE. THOSE IDIOTS HAD DECIDED TO LEAVE ME SOMETHING I COULD REMEMBER THEM BY.



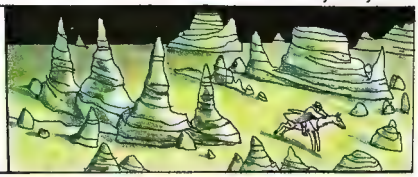
I HAD DISCOVERED THE DOUBLE-
DEALER. NOW WE WOULD HAVE
TO BUILD A NEW NET OF INFORMERS
BUT SHE WOULD NOT SUFFER FROM THIS
NEW ARRANGEMENT. I FELT THAT
IT WAS UP TO ME TO CREATE
TROUBLES FOR HER.

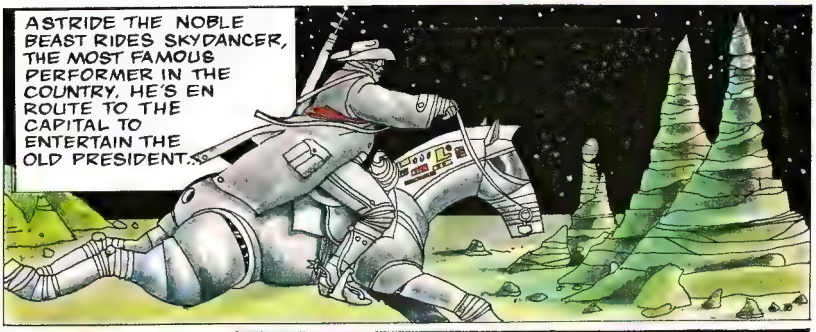
THE END,
BUT WILL BE CONTINUED...

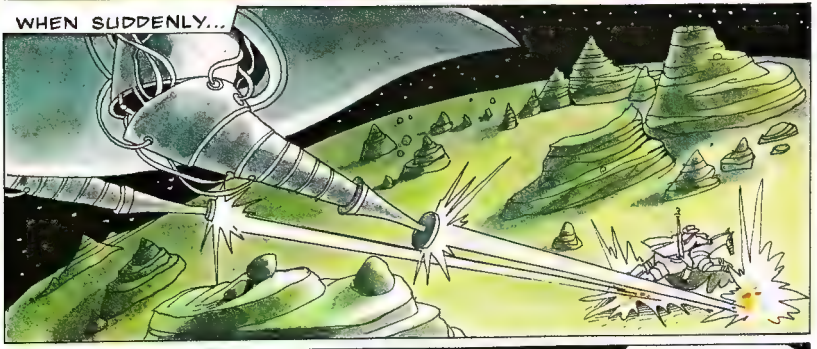
by Randy Jones

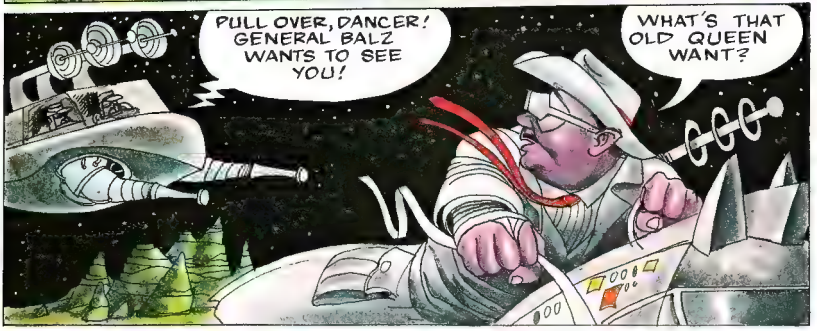
SKYDANCER

THE SILENCE OF THE POINTED PLAIN IS CRUSHED BY THE HOOVES OF A MECHANICAL MUSTANG.

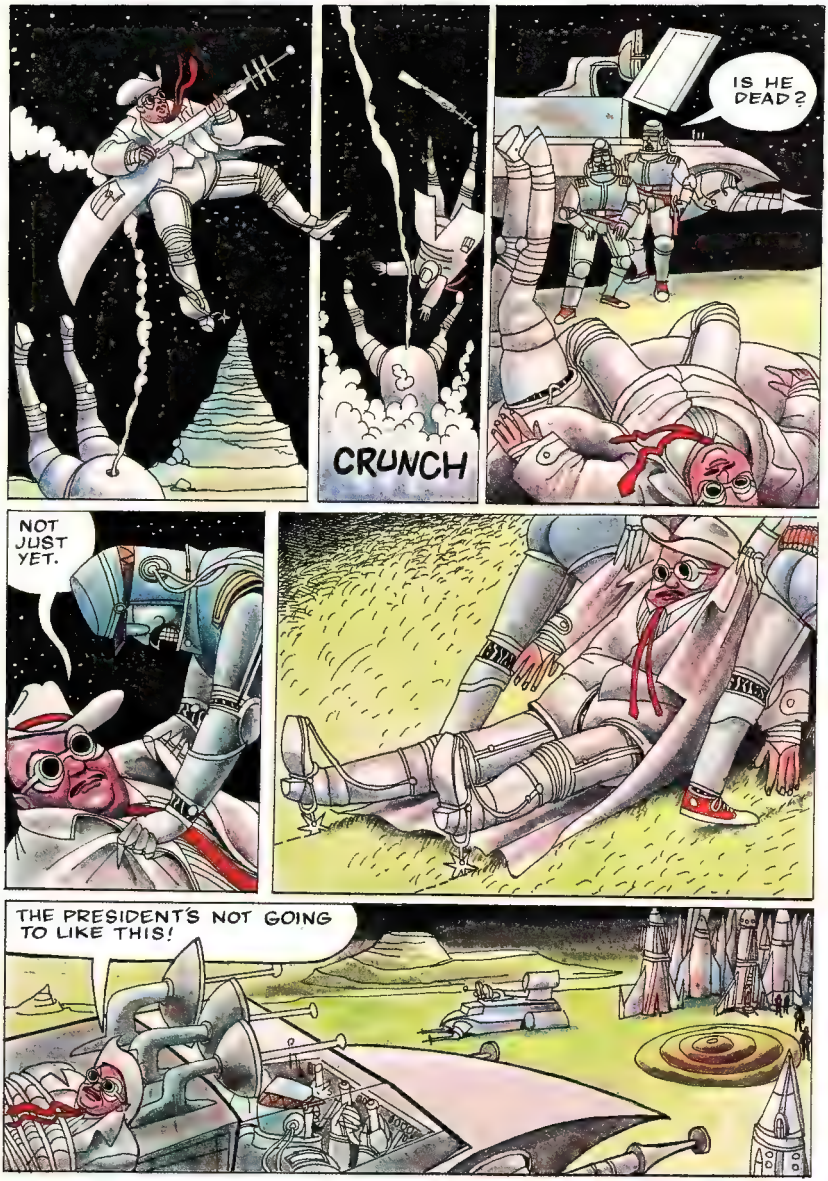



ASTRIDE THE NOBLE BEAST RIDES SKYDANCER, THE MOST FAMOUS PERFORMER IN THE COUNTRY. HE'S EN ROUTE TO THE CAPITAL TO ENTERTAIN THE OLD PRESIDENT...





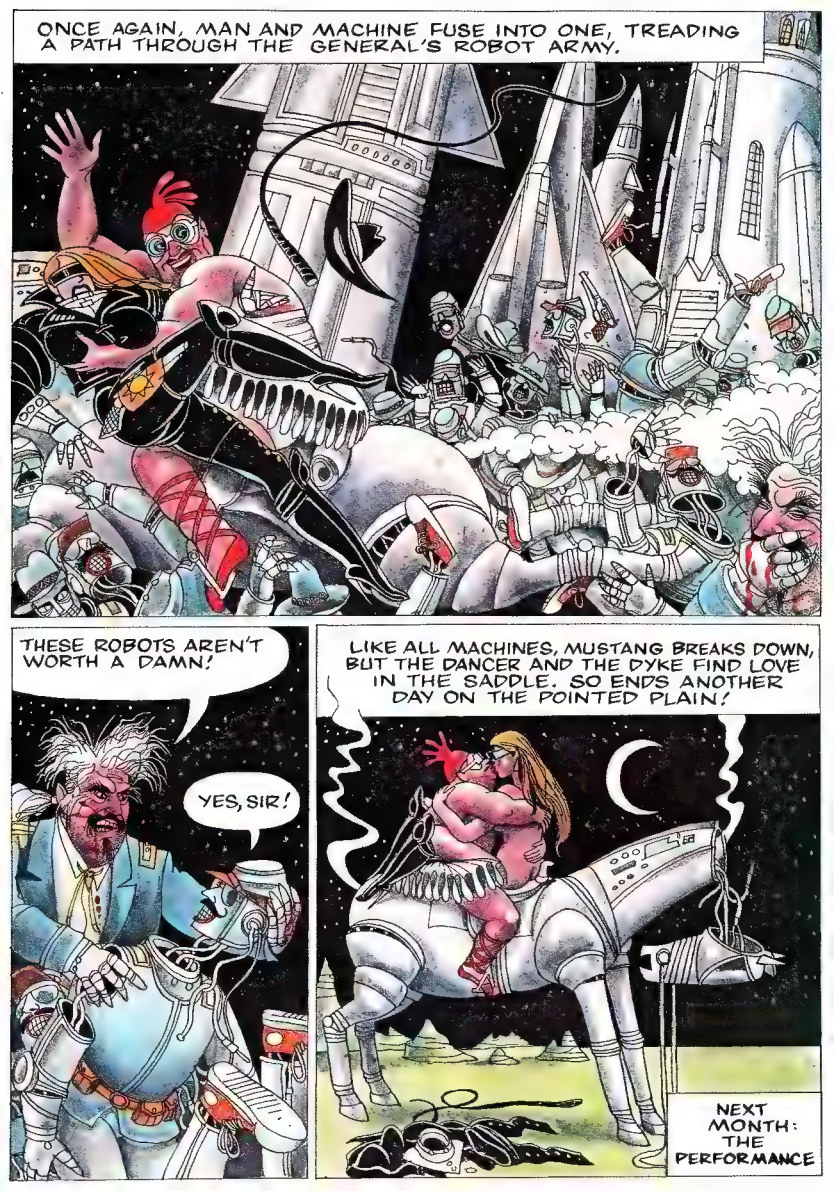
YOU CAN TELL THE OLD FAIRY...
KLIK!
...TO STICK HIS BALZ WHERE THE SUN DON'T SHINE!
WHERE'D HE GO?
THATAWAY! HE USED THAT DAMN TRICK HORSE!
SKYDANCER AND GENERAL BALZ ARE NO STRANGERS! THEY WERE CLASSMATES AT THE ART ACADEMY...
...BUT THE GENERAL DROPPED OUT TO PURSUE AN UNDISTINGUISHED MILITARY CAREER....


CRUNCH
IS HE DEAD?
NOT JUST YET.
THE PRESIDENT'S NOT GOING TO LIKE THIS!

SKYDANCER IS GREETED BY GENERAL HORACE BALZ AND HIS LESBIAN DAUGHTER, SLUGMA.
IT'S BEEN MANY YEARS, OLD FRIEND! WILL YOU DANCE FOR US ?!!

MEANWHILE, BACK ON THE POINTED PLAIN, THE MUSTANG REPAIRS ITS CHIPS.
THE LOYAL MACHINE GETS A SENSOR READING ON THE DANCER'S LOCATION, THEN FLIES LIKE THE WIND TO...
...RESCUE ITS MASTER FROM THE WEIRD HUMOR OF GENERAL BALZ!
THIS IS SO EMBARRASSING!

THEN SUDDENLY...
MUSTANG, BABY!
UP AND AWAY!
WAIT!
LET'S SHOW THE GENERAL ONE LAST STEP!
BOOOOM


ONCE AGAIN, MAN AND MACHINE FUSE INTO ONE, TREADING A PATH THROUGH THE GENERAL'S ROBOT ARMY.
THESE ROBOTS AREN'T WORTH A DAMN!
YES, SIR!
LIKE ALL MACHINES, MUSTANG BREAKS DOWN, BUT THE DANCER AND THE DYKE FIND LOVE IN THE SADDLE. SO ENDS ANOTHER DAY ON THE POINTED PLAIN!
NEXT MONTH: THE PERFORMANCE

COLLECTOR'S ITEMS

#2/MAY '77: Russian astronauts, "Conquering Armies," the ultimate rock festival, and more.

#3/JUNE '77: Macedo's "Rockblitz," highly praised "Shells," beginning of Davis's "World Apart," Moebius, Corben, Bodé, more.

#4/JULY '77: Lots of Moebius: "Arzach," "The Long Tomorrow"; conclusion of "Sunpot."

#5/AUGUST '77: "Polonius" begins, "The Long Tomorrow" concludes, and "World Apart" and "Den" continue.

#6/SEPTEMBER '77: Roger Zelazny has a short story, and Moebius, a space opera; plus more "World Apart," "Den," and "Polonius."

#7/OCTOBER '77: Fiction by Theodore Sturgeon, Moebius's "Airtight Garage," "Den" and "Polonius" back again.

#8/NOVEMBER '77: New Harlan Ellison fiction, 9 color pages by Moebius and Rimbaud, conclusions for "Polonius" and "World Apart."

#9/DECEMBER '77: Extra pages for the complete "Vuzz," by Druillet, "Fortune's Fool," by Chaykin and Wein, plus full-color Corben, Macedo, Claveloux, and Moebius.

#10/JANUARY '78: Morrow illustrates Zelazny, Lob and Pichard update *Ulysses*, "Conquering Armies" concludes, "Den" continues.

#11/FEBRUARY '78: New adventures of "Barbarella," cover and center spread by Nino, plus Moebius and Corben.

#12/MARCH '78: Gray Morrow's swashbuckling "Orion" debuts; more "Barbarella," "Urm," and "Den."

#13/APRIL '78: Our 1st anniversary issue! A 30-page insert from "Paradise 9." "Barbarella" gives birth, while "Den" wraps it up.

#14/MAY '78: "Urm the Mad" waves bye-bye, but "Orion" and "Barbarella" continue, and Alex Nino tips his hat.

#15/JUNE '78: Corben introduces Shahrazad. Sturgeon's classic "More Than Human" is illustrated, more "Barbarella," and the origins of "Heilman."

#16/JULY '78: A happy ending for "Barbarella," a sad ending for "1996," resumption of Druillet's "Gail," more "Heilman," "Orion," "More Than Human," and Corben's "Arabian Nights."

#19/OCTOBER '78: "Exterminator 17," Ellison's illustrated "Glass Goblin," debut of McKie's "So Beautiful and So Dangerous."

#20/NOVEMBER '78: Twenty pages of the Delany-Chaykin "Empire," more "Shi-Toad," "Exterminator," Mark Grubert, "Heilman" 's final rebirth, more.

#21/DECEMBER '78: The stocking's full with "Orion," Kirchner's "Tarot," and beautiful pages of Moebius.

#22/JANUARY '79: Trina debuts and Druillet concludes "Gail," plus McKie and Corben.

#23/FEBRUARY '79: "Galactic Geographic," "Starcrown," Corben's "Sinbad," McKie's "So Beautiful and So Dangerous."

#24/MARCH '79: Twenty pages of Chaykin illustrating Bester's "The Stars My Destination," "Starcrown" II, and Ellison's late show.

#29/AUGUST '79: Caza steals show with "New Ark City," plus Mayerik, Suydam, "Galactic Geographic," Bodé, more.

#30/SEPTEMBER '79: "Elric," "Buck Rogers," wizard named "Elvis," and Little Red V-3," alongside Montellier and Moebius.

#31/OCTOBER '79: A Halloween tribute to H. P. Lovecraft, with Moebius, Breccia, Druillet, Suydam, others.

#32/NOVEMBER '79: Corben's "Rowlf," Bodé's "Zooks," Brunner's "Elric," Chaykin's "Ths Stars My Destination," Moebius, and more.

#33/DECEMBER '79: A Christmas package from Caza, Corben, Kofoed, Sutfin, Stiles, Trina, Moebius, and Ellison, plus "Gnomes" and "Giants."

#35/FEBRUARY '80: An eerie Gouratin cover adorns this issue. Corben's "The Beast of Wolfton" begins, McKie experiments with the Air Pump, and we join Matt Howarth on a crazed acid trip.

#36/MARCH '80: Why did "The Crevasse" take Jeannette? Read the Schuiten strip! Plus: Corben, Matena, Moebius, and Lee Marrs's "Good Vibrations."

#37/APRIL '80: Our 3rd anniversary issue—32 pages of "Champakou" in living color, final installment of Moebius's "Airtight Garage," plus Caza, Bilal, Howarth, Corben, Bodé—and more!

#38/MAY '80: Does the Supreme Alchemist exist? Will Axle ever find out? Will "Champakou" reach the Doll of Jade? Will Joe strike out with the alien Marilyn, too?

#39/JUNE '80: "Champakou" meets his fate, while "Captain Sternn" sails the day. And it's the Flying Weilendas vs. Earth!

#41/AUGUST '80: Druillet returns with "Salammbo" while Moebius concludes "Shore Leave" (and is interviewed). Bilal continues "Progress!"

#49/APRIL '81: Corben's "Bloodstar," Giménez's "Good-bye, Soldier!," Harry North's "Stories from London," and an interview with Julio Ribera.

#50/MAY '81: Premiers of Chaykin's "Cody Starbuck" and Bilal's "The Immortals' Fête!" Plus: Suydam's "The Toll Bridge" and William S. Burroughs on immortality.

#51/JUNE '81: The 1st part of the Richard Corben interview, Jim Steranko's adaptation of *Outland* premieres, Howarth's "Changes" winds up. Plus: Caza, Chaykin, Crepax, and Workman!

#56/NOVEMBER '81: Jeronaton's "Egg of the World," Jeff Jones, Segrelles, and Bilal all frame the art of Leo and Diane Dillon beautifully.

#58/JANUARY '82: Our "Happy Future" issue. Includes Arno, Loustal, Voss, Hé, and Gillon; and "The Autonomous Man," all surrounded by Chaykin and Simonson, Segrelles, and Steranko.

#59/FEBRUARY '82: The further adventures of John Difool in "The Incal Light." Wein and Chaykin's "Gideon Faust" gets going—again. Plus Fernandez, Jones, Schuiten.

#60/MARCH '82: 2nd Special Rock Issue featuring Dick Matena's "A Life in the Day," a surrealistic look at the life of John Lennon. Luis Garcia's "Nova 2" begins. Plus "Mercenary," "Den," "Rock Opera," etc.

#61/APRIL '82: 5th anniversary issue offers a variety of material. What with Claveloux, Druillet, Moebius, Bilal, and an essay on J. G. Ballard, you'll be busy until our 6th!

#62/MAY '82: The 1st part of David Black's "Third Sexual Revolution," "The Art of De Es Schwertberger." Plus: "Sixteen and Vanilla" by Ted White and Val Lakey.

Sold Out
Sold Out
Sold Out
Sold Out

#63/JUNE '82: Fantastic Cities issue, with artists Voss, Caza, Sciabelli, and R. Crumb, all surrounded by regulars: Druillet, Moebius, Schuiten, and Fernandez.

#64/JULY '82: Marcele and Lacome's strange "Life at the Circus" and pages from Corben's *Flights into Fantasy*. Plus Jones, Garcia, and Druillet.

#65/AUGUST '82: Jones and Wrightson's "Freak Show" and Pisu and Manara's "The Ape. . ." Plus the finale of "The Incal Light" by Moebius and Jodorowsky.

#66/SEPTEMBER '82: Hecht's "Music-Video Interface," Lupoff's "Barsoom!" and Hinge's "Object." Plus our regulars: Bilal, Fernandez, Kierkegaard.

#67/OCTOBER '82: You'll have Scary Dreams after reading our special horror section. Everything from Eddie Poe to the weirdest phobias possible. Don't read it alone! P.S.: Last part of Black's "Third Sexual Revolution."

#68/NOVEMBER '82: Part 1 of Kaluta's "Starstruck." Findley's "Tex Arcana" continues as does "Den II" and Druillet's "Yragael." Plus: a peek at Wrightson's *National Lampoon's Class Reunion*.

#69/DECEMBER '82: A Will Stone Gallery, the return of Suydam's "Mudwog," and Mark Fisher's "Amino Men." Plus Corben, Fernandez, and Kierkegaard.

#70/JANUARY '83: The strange conclusion to Wrightson's "Freak Show," a look at *The Dark Crystal*, and regulars Manara, Corben, Fernandez, etc.

#71/FEBRUARY '83: The making of the film *The Entity*, Kim Deitch's *Eating Raoul*, and regulars Corben, Kaluta, Crepax, etc.

#72/MARCH '83: We bid a fond farewell to Den and Kath, and a warm welcome to Bilal's "City that Didn't Exist." A Gallery on Robert Williams, plus Manara, Kaluta and more.

#73/APRIL '83: Moebius's "The Twinkle in Fildegar's Eye," and Sauri's "The Odyssey," along with Kaluta, Crepax, and Workman.

#75/JUNE '83: Corben's "Doomscult," the end of Crepax's "The Man from Harlem," and a peek at the 3-D science fiction thriller, *Spacehunter*.

#76/JULY '83: Liberatore's "Ranxerox," the end of Kulata's "Starstruck" (for the time being), an interview with Dan O'Bannon and a glimpse at Ray Bradbury's *Dinosaur Tales*.

#77/AUGUST '83: Arno and Jodorowsky's "The Small Earthworm" debuts, Giménez's "A Matter of Time" appears, and Captain Beefheart is interviewed, all behind a beautiful Greg Hildebrandt cover.

#78/SEPTEMBER '83: An exclusive interview with Francis Ford Coppola! Plus a Gallery look at the art of Rowena Morrill and the conclusions of "Zora" and "The City that Didn't Exist."

#79/OCTOBER '83: Timothy Leary! Enki Bilal! Pepe Moreno! Walter Hill! Rocky and Bullwinkle!?! A great issue!

#80/NOVEMBER '83: A spirited talk with Will Eisner, along with a Spirit story. Plus Crepax's "Valentina the Pirate." Enjoy.

#81/DECEMBER '83: Ranxerox bows out. Valentina comes on strong. Artist Liberatore is interviewed. Lots more!

#82/JANUARY '84: Part one of David Blacks vampire memoirs. Plus "Ranxerox in New York," and a peek at Arthur Clarke's *The Sentinel*.

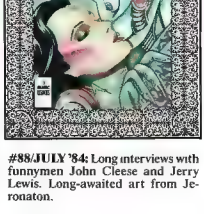
#83/FEBRUARY '84: Douglas Trumbull talks. John DiFool returns. And David Black's *My Vampires* comes to an end.

#84/MARCH '84: Douglas Adams is interviewed. Angus McKie and Charles Burns return. Ranxerox ends his New York adventure.

#85/APRIL '84: A long talk with Roger Corman. Plus Joe Kubert in "Dossier" and Boris Vallejo on the cover.

#86/MAY '84: "The Railways" begins, "Ranxerox" ends, and "The Third Incal" continues. Plus, two "June 2050"s for the price of one.

#87/JUNE '84: Slava Tsukerman talks about "Liquid Sky." "Lann" and "The Hunting Party" get started.



#88/JULY '84: Long interviews with funnymen John Cleese and Jerry Lewis. Long-awaited art from Jeronaton.

#89/AUGUST '84: Paul Kantner: *Starship* Captain. Penelope Spheeris: Godmother of Punk. Ed Naha: Good Writer of Bad Movies.

#90/SEPTEMBER '84: The Second Annual *HM* Music Video Awards. Lou Stathis interviews director David Cronenberg. Plus *Dernier Combat* director Luc Besson is interviewed.

#91/OCTOBER '84: The *HM* interview with director John Sayles. Caza drops by, and Jeronaton and Bilal continue.

#92/NOVEMBER '84: Schuiten begins, Jeronaton ends, and Paul Kirchner gives us some "Cool." Plus, shock-director John Waters tells us about his morals in the *HM* interview.

#93/DECEMBER '84: *HM*'s 1984 *fin* with a Federico Fellini interivew and a Boris Vallejo Gallery. Plus, Manara's "Author" gets to work.

#94/JANUARY '85: Interview with director Wolfgang Petersen. Liberatore presents his latest, "Sax Blues." And yet another "Marlowskitz."

#95/FEBRUARY '85: Russell Mulcahy, Rock video's premiere director, talks about his new movie, *Razorback*. Also, Jack Davis is interviewed and "Triton" concludes.

#96/MARCH '85: The premiere of Pepe Moreno's "Rebel." Interview with director Louis Malle, and the end of Bilal and Christin's "The Hunting Party" and Schuiten's "Walls of Samaris."

#97/APRIL '85: *HM* celebrates its eighth anniversary with Pepe Moreno, Richard Corben, Joost Swarte, and *more*. Also, interviews include *Gwendoline*'s Just Jaeckin, *The Stuff*'s Larry Cohen, and *Eating Raoul*'s Paul Bartel.

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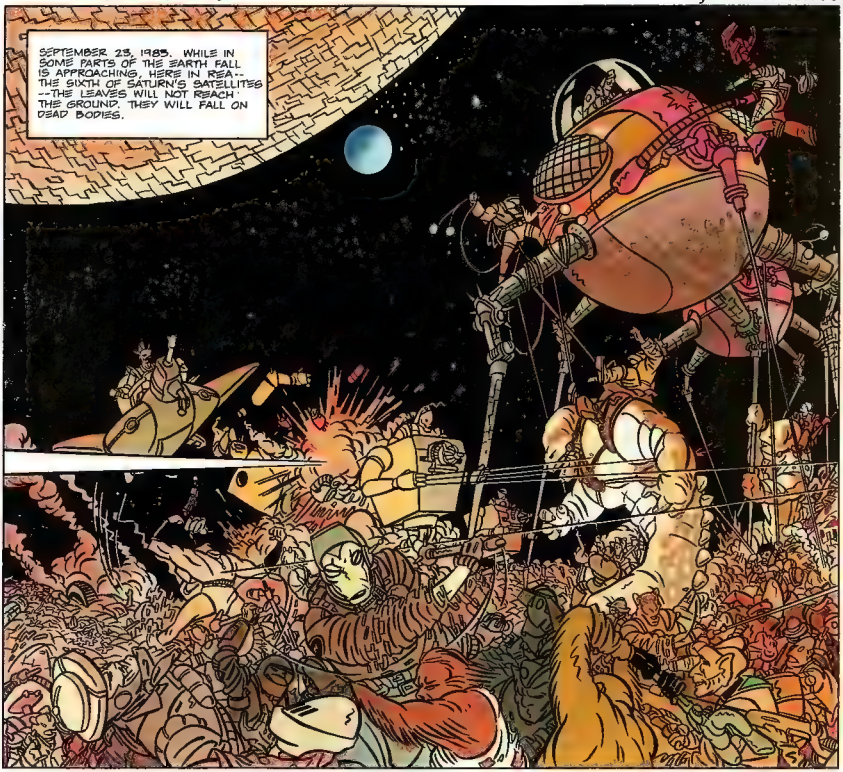
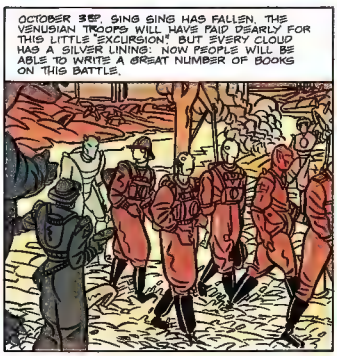
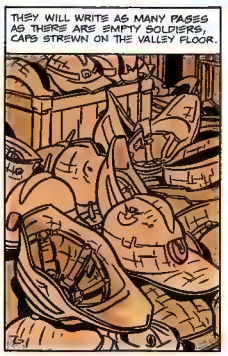
The Whisper Mystery

by Daniel Torres


SEPTEMBER 23, 1985. WHILE IN SOME PARTS OF THE EARTH FALL IS APPROACHING, HERE IN REA-- THE SIXTH OF SATURN'S SATELLITES --THE LEAVES WILL NOT REACH THE GROUND. THEY WILL FALL ON DEAD BODIES.

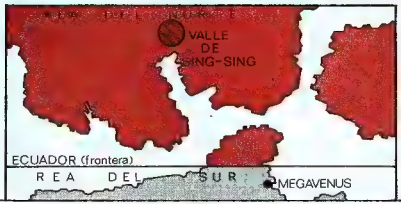

OCTOBER 3RD. SING SING HAS FALLEN. THE VENUSIAN TROOPS WILL HAVE PAID DEARLY FOR THIS LITTLE "EXCURSION". BUT EVERY CLOUD HAS A SILVER LINING. NOW PEOPLE WILL BE ABLE TO WRITE A GREAT NUMBER OF BOOKS ON THIS BATTLE.



iustitiam, aequitated fidem. Neque hominy facile efficerd possit duo conetud notiner si liberalitat magis conveniunt, da but tuntur est ad quiet. Endium caritat praesert cum imigent cupidtat a natura proficis vacile ex is parend non est nihil enim desiderabile. C est quam in his rebus emolument oariunt dixer per se ipsad optabil, sed quiran cind ucund est propter and tutior vitam et lup incommod quae egenium improb fugiend. Lorem ipsum dolor sit amet. consectetuer euismod tempor incidunt ut labore et dol enim ad minim veniam, quis nostrud exer ut aliquip ex ea commodo consequat. Du in vulputate velit esse molestie consequat.

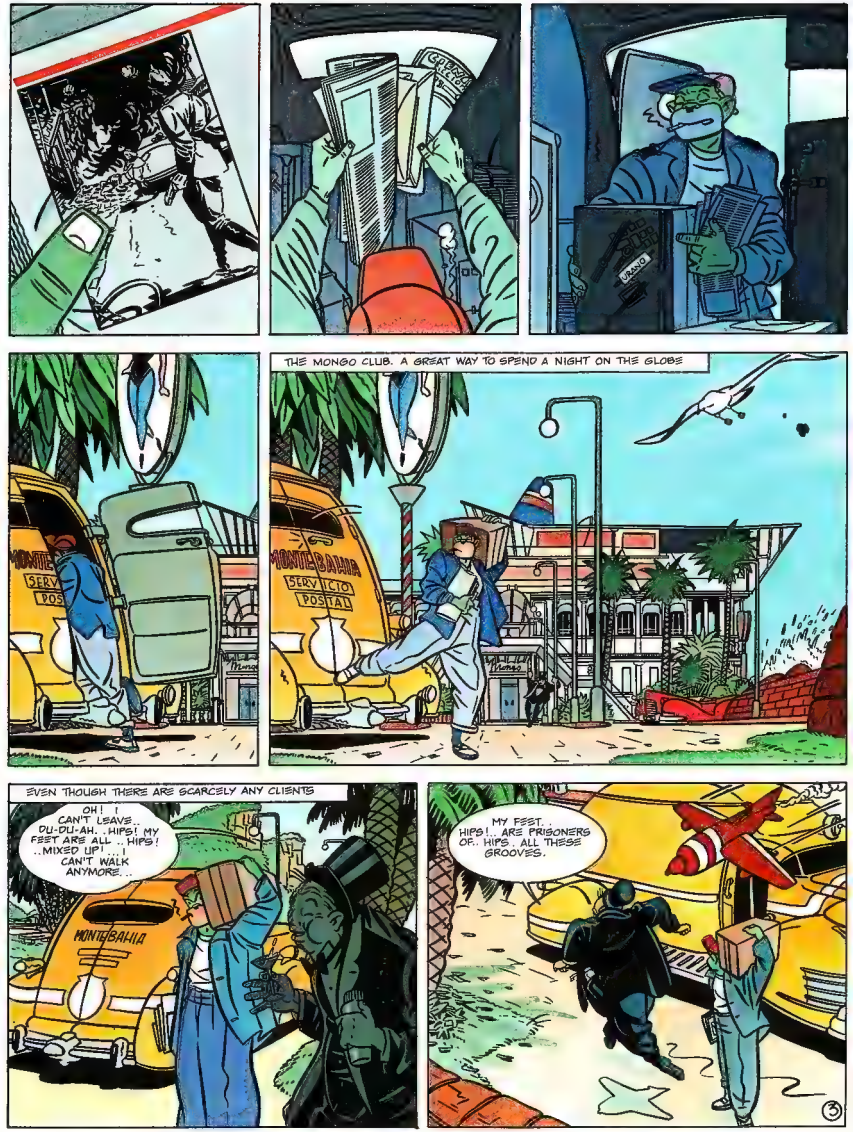
By occupying Sing-Sing, Venus wants to separate North Rea from South Rea.

Lorem ipsum dolor sit amet, consectetuer adipiscing elit, sed dia euismod tempor incidunt ut labore et dolore magna aliquam era enim ad minim veniam, quis nostrud exercitation ullamcorper su ut aliquip ex ea commodo consequat. Duis autem vel eum irure in vulputate velit esse molestie consequat, vel illum dolore eu fe At vero eos et accusam et iusto odio dignissim qui blandit praes provident tempor sunt in culpa qui officia deserunt mollit aniur soluta nobis eligend optio congue nihil impediet doming id que facer possim omnis voluptas assumenda est, omnis repellend. T quinusd et aur office debit aut tum rerum necessit atib saepe evei non recusand. Itaque earud rerum hic tentury sapiente delectud endis dolorib asperiore repellat. Hanc ego cum tene senteniam, c ne ad eam non possing accommodare nost ros quos tu paulo ar tum etia ergat. Nos amice et nbevol. olestias access potest fier conscient to factor tum poen legum odioque civiuda. Et tamen



The Vantam Conference: Diplomacy and Hostility.

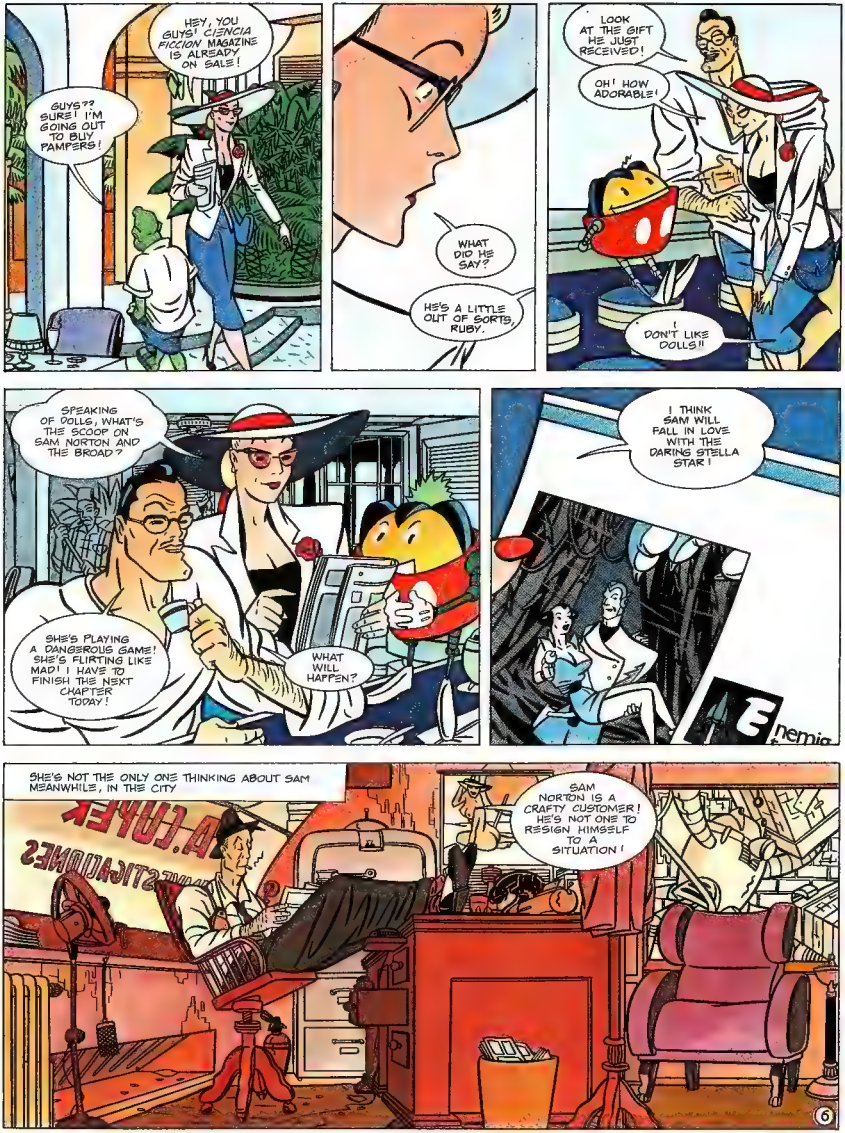
solùta nobis eligend optio congue nihil impediet doming id qu facer possim omnis voluptas assumenda est, omnis repellend. T quinusd et aur office debit aut tum rerum necessit atib saepe eve non recusand. Itaque earud rerum hic tentury sapiente delectud endis dolorib asperiore repellat. Hanc ego cum tene senteniam, ne ad eam non possing accommodare nost ros quos tu paulo a tum etia ergat. Nos amice et nbevol, olestias access potest fier conscient to factor tum poen legum odioque civiuda. Et tamen pecun modut est neque nonor imper ned libiding gen epular r quas nulla praid om undant. Improb pary minuit, potius inflat magist and et dodecendesse videantur. Inviat igitur vera ratio b


THE MONGO CLUB. A GREAT WAY TO SPEND A NIGHT ON THE GLOBE
MONTEBAHIA
SERVICIO POSTAL
EVEN THOUGH THERE ARE SCARCELY ANY CLIENTS
OH! I CAN'T LEAVE. DU-DU-AH. .HIPS! MY FEET ARE ALL .. HIPS! ..MIXED UP! ... I CAN'T WALK ANYMORE..
MONTEBAHIA
MY FEET.. HIPS!.. ARE PRISONERS OF. HIPS. ALL THESE GROOVES.
3

TAC!
HIT!
FOUR OUT OF FIVE, BOSS.
I OWE YOU A DINNER, SAMSON.
HERE'S THE MAIL!
MAIL FOR ARMANDO MISTRAL!
GIVE IT TO ME!
SOME POSTCARDS FOR RUBY...THE NEWSPAPER AND...*CIENCIA FICCION* MAGAZINE IS ALREADY HERE!
WITH THE LATEST EPISODE OF SAM'S ADVENTURES!
CIENCIA FICCION
N°33
Fam Horton
por ARMANDO MISTRAL
THIS PACKAGE COMES FROM JILL COVALSKY, FROM URANUS
LET'S GO IN. GUESS WHAT! I FEEL LIKE, SAMSON.
COFFEE, BOSS, COFFEE

*SCIENCE FICTION MAGAZINE

JILL WRITES THAT SHE'S VERY HAPPY. SHE'S WORKING AT THE PETROSSIAN INSTITUTE FOR SPACE PHYSICS. OH! SHE'S SENDING YOU A GIFT. "FOR THE KID, SAMSON!"
THIS TOY IS VERY POPULAR ON URANUS. WE'LL BE SURPRISED.
KID? DID SHE SAY KID?
HIS NAME IS COSMO.
KID!
I'M CONNECTING THE WIRES ACCORDING TO INSTRUCTIONS.
clic!
KIP!
IT'S CUTE, ISN'T IT?
A FOOLISH MONKEY WITH A WADDLE, I'D SAY!
UAAA!
KIP!
MY COFFEE!
Chhh...
LOOK!
MMM! IT'S DELICIOUS!
WELL, I HOPE HE KNOWS HOW TO MAKE TOAST. EVERY NOW AND THEN I FORGET HOW.
5


HEY, YOU GUYS! CIENCIA FICCION MAGAZINE IS ALREADY ON SALE!
GUYS?? SURE! I'M GOING OUT TO BUY PAMPERS!
WHAT DID HE SAY?
HE'S A LITTLE OUT OF SORTS, RUBY.
LOOK AT THE GIFT HE JUST RECEIVED!
OH! HOW ADORABLE!
I DON'T LIKE DOLLS!!
SPEAKING OF DOLLS, WHAT'S THE SCOOP ON SAM NORTON AND THE BROAD?
SHE'S PLAYING A DANGEROUS GAME! SHE'S FLIRTING LIKE MAD! I HAVE TO FINISH THE NEXT CHAPTER TODAY!
WHAT WILL HAPPEN?
I THINK SAM WILL FALL IN LOVE WITH THE DARING STELLA STAR!
Enemia
SHE'S NOT THE ONLY ONE THINKING ABOUT SAM
MEANWHILE, IN THE CITY
SAM NORTON IS A CRAFTY CUSTOMER! HE'S NOT ONE TO RESIGN HIMSELF TO A SITUATION!
6

THIS ARMANDO MISTRAL MUST HAVE A GREAT TIME WRITING ALL THIS NONSENSE.
WHILE I SIT AROUND ALL DAY LOOKING FOR THE NEEDLE IN THE HAYSTACK.
AND WHAT IF I TRIED? WHY NOT? WHO'S GOING TO PREVENT ME FROM WRITING ABOUT MY INCREDIBLE CASSES?
WHAT CASSES?
KNOCK KNOCK
Ahem.. MAY MY HUMBLE PERSON ENTER THE SANCTUARY OF ASTUTENESS?
LET'S GET TO WORK, PARTNER! YOUR FIRST BOOK HAS JUST WALKED IN!
WOULD THE FORMIDABLE ARCHIBALD COOPER ACCEPT A MISSION FROM THE INSIGNIFICANT CHIP JONES?
I NEVER LEARN.
IT'S A VERY SIMPLE TASK FOR YOUR UNLIMITED TALENT. ALL YOU HAVE TO DO TONIGHT IS TO GO TO THE HEROS AND PIRATES, AN OPIUM DEN NEAR THE NINTH PIER.
UP TO HERE, IT'S A PIECE OF CAKE.
THE NINTH PIER!! A PLACE WHERE THE TIDE LEAVES A TRAIL OF BULLSHIT.
THERE YOU MUST ASK FOR THE MANAGER, AND SAY TO HIM,"I KNOW ABOUT YOUR DEAL WITH KOO'S GANG." THAT'S ALL.
WHAT IS YOUR WISE ANSWER?
I FELT LIKE FINDING OUT MORE ABOUT THIS STRANGE ASSIGNMENT, WHEN MY EYE FELL ON THE BULGE IN HIS JACKET.
WELL, WHAT IF IT'S LATE AND I'M TIRED?
IN THAT CASE, DO YOU THINK THAT THIS SMALL ADVANCE WOULD STRENGTHEN YOUR TIRED MUSCLES?
MY DEAR SIR IT'S A MERE DETAIL!
REMEMBER, IT'S TONIGHT!

YOU, THIEF!
GIVE ME THE COFFEE!
?
!
WHAT'S THE MATTER? YOU SEEM STRANGELY MOVED!
THAT'S FOOLISH. IT'S GOT NOTHING TO DO WITH MOVING. LOOK IN MY EYES. WHAT DO THEY SAY?
THEY'RE NOT LYING... THEY'RE CRAZY ABOUT YOU!!
THAT'S FANTASTIC! I'LL KEEP IT. THAT'S WHAT SAM WILL SAY WHEN HE HAS STELLA STAR IN HIS ARMS. JUST BEFORE THE MONSTER ATTACKS THEM!
THANKS FOR YOUR HELP, RUBY. YOU KNOW, YOU'RE A VERY GOOD ACTRESS.
Phew! I THOUGHT SHE WAS SERIOUS!
SHOOM
8

TO BE CONTINUED

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Introduction by Federico Fellini. The career of Europe's premiere illustrator is examined; everything from "The Black Incal" to movie posters to his summer vacation to soft porn. The compendium of his work to date.

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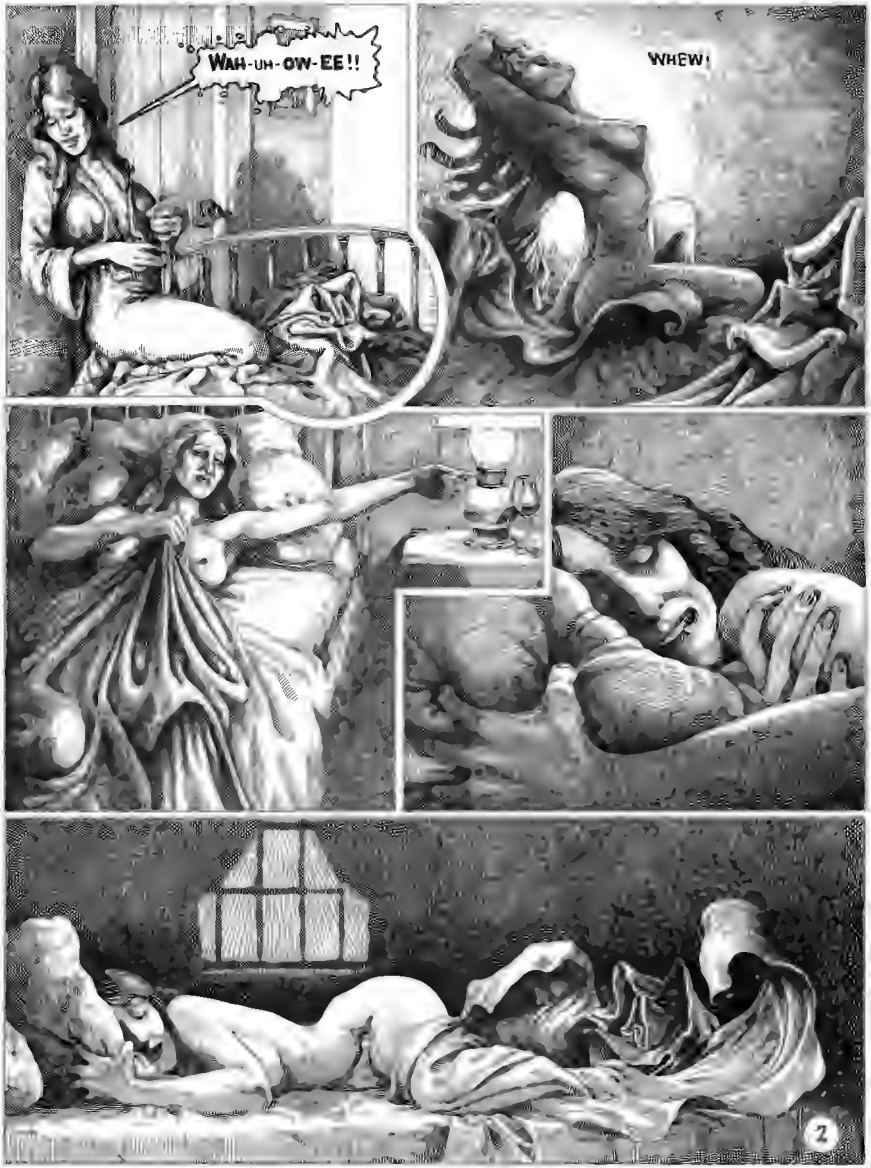
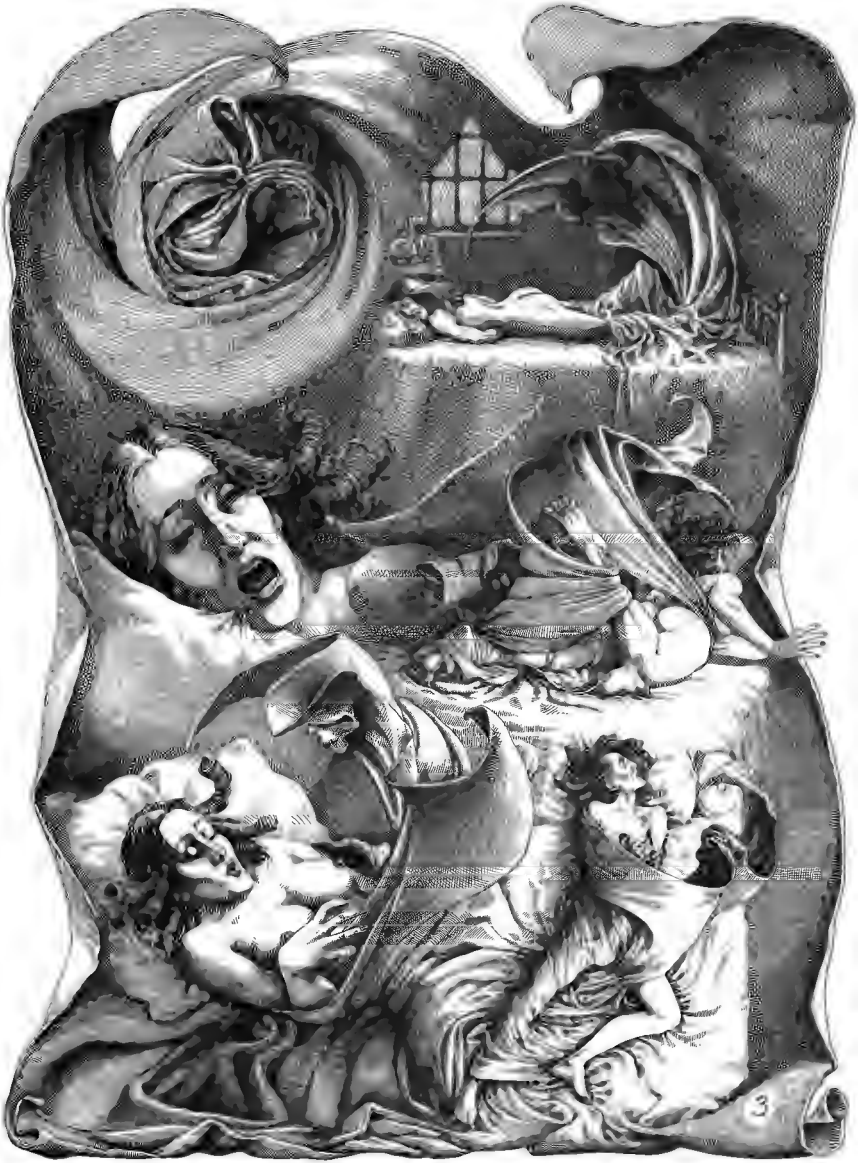
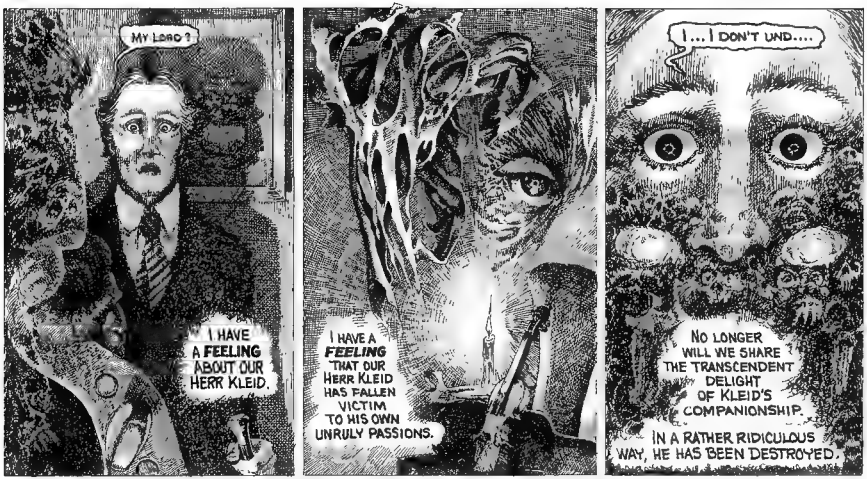
HERE LIES THE OLD CLAIM JUMPER ?-1850 HIS DYIN' WERE HARD AN' HE DESAPPYED IT
GEORGE BENDER
TEX ARCANA
ALL ALONG THE RIDGE BORDERING THESE FEW ACRES OF UNHALLOWED GROUND, THE SKY IS LIGHTENING FROM VELVET BLACK TO DEEP INDIGO, BUT DAWN IS STILL A WHILE AWAY AND WHAT IS LEFT OF THE NIGHT IS STILL PEOPLED BY THE UNSPEAKABLE. THERE IS MUCH EVIL YET TO BE DONE IN THE LITTLE COMMUNITY OF HANGMAN'S CORNERS....
MADAM, I... IF IT WERE NOT FOR MY SERVANT, WHO IS ILL...
IT'S OKAY, MISTER. YA DON'T GOTTA KEEP GOIN' ON ABOUT IT.
IT IS IMPORTANT THAT YOU UNDERSTAND.
UNDERSTANDIN'S M' BUS'NESS. BESIDES...
...I GOT A FEELIN' WE'LL BE GITTIN' T'GETHER AGAIN.


WAH-UH-OW-EE!!
WHEW!
Z



Hrm. Hrm.?
Uhh...
Oh!
?!
!!
RIP!
No!
Unh
Hnnnnnn!!
ARGH!
KNOCK!
KNOCK!
KNOCK!
Rose, honey! You in there?! You okay??!
4

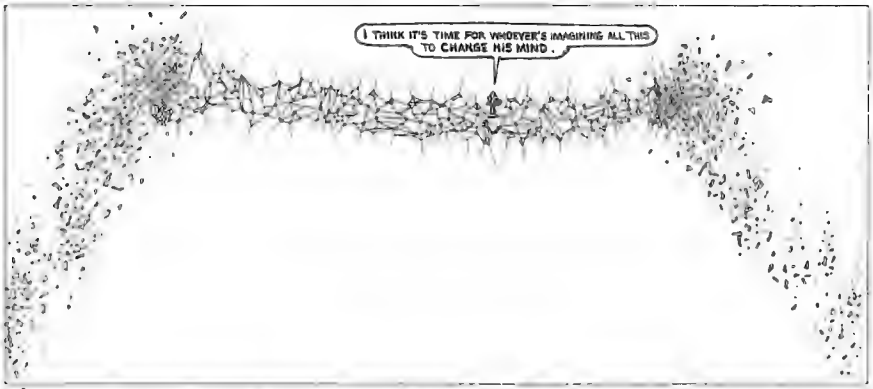
ROSE ?! WE HEARD YELLIN' 'N' SCREAMIN' !
SOUNDED LIKE TWO O' YAS.
HUH? WHA' ?
AIN'T TH' FIRST TIME YOU AN' SOME BUCKAROO SHOUTED TH' HOUSE DOWN
NO, IT WAS... I HAD A DREAM, A..UH.. YOU KNOW... ROMANTIC DREAM.
NO! REALLY ?
WHY, YOU LUCKY...
TELL US ABOUT IT! KIN YA REMEMBER?
WELL... I WAS WITH TH' MAESTRO, AT THE SEASIDE. WE WUZ UP ON TOP O' THIS HIGH BLACK ROCK THAT WUZ COVERED OVER WITH SOFT GREEN MOSS... THE SUN WUZ SHININ' BUT THERE COME UP A WIND... BELOW, TH' WAVES WUZ CRASHIN'. I CAUGHT A CHILL AN' TH' MAESTRO, HE WRAPPED ME TIGHT IN HIS CAPE ...AND UNDERNEATH HIS CAPE... AH!
SIGH
THERE AIN'T A MAN ALIVE KIN HOLD A CANDLE T' ONE O' THEM DREAMS!
MUSTA BIN SUMP'M!
MEANWHILE, OUT AT THE EDGE OF TOWN, AT THE WIDOW BURN'S BOARDING HOUSE ...
KLEIG! WHERE ARE YOU ?
HE'S GONE, MAESTRO.
5


MY LORD?
I HAVE A FEELING ABOUT OUR HERR KLEID.
I HAVE A FEELING THAT OUR HERR KLEID HAS FALLEN VICTIM TO HIS OWN UNRULY PASSIONS.
I... I DON'T UND....
NO LONGER WILL WE SHARE THE TRANSCENDENT DELIGHT OF KLEID'S COMPANIONSHIP.
IN A RATHER RIDICULOUS WAY, HE HAS BEEN DESTROYED.

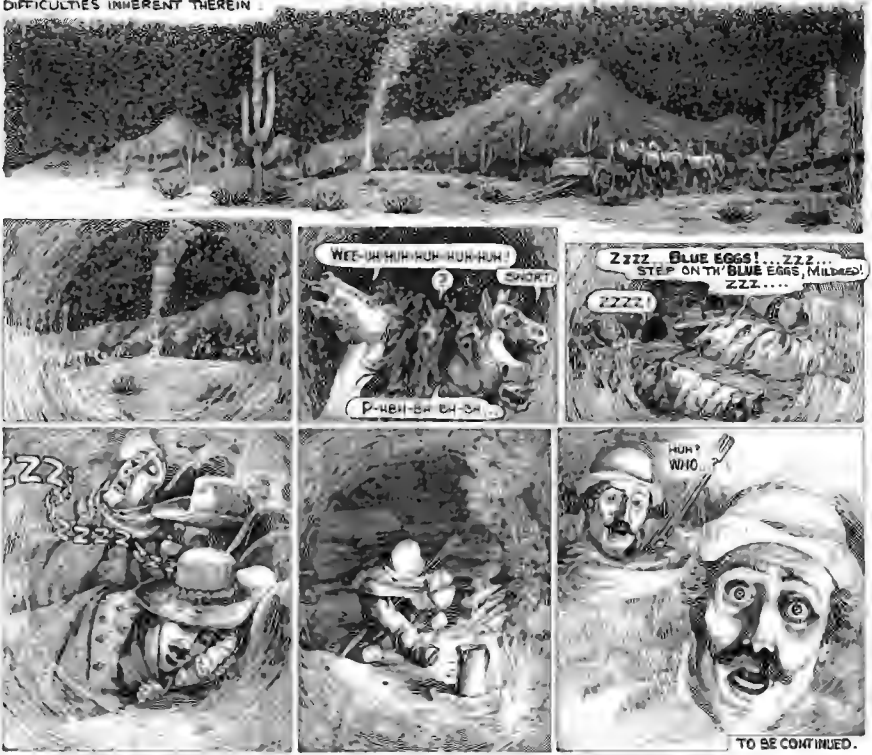
AS MAESTRO PAGANO PONDERS THE IMPLICATIONS OF WHAT HE HAS JUST BEEN TOLD, WE HASTEN TO REJOIN HERP AND SWEAZ AS THEY STRUGGLE IN THE GRIP OF AN EVEN WEIGHTIER PROBLEM....

OKAY! NOW, THEN! LEMME SEE IF I'M DIGGIN' EXACKLY WHERE IT IS THAT YOU'RE COMIN' FROM.
YOU'RE SAYIN' THAT JUST BECAUSE THIS PLACE VIOLATES A COUPLA NATURAL LAWS...
PRETTY FUNDAMENTAL ONES. LIKE GRAVITY.
...THAT IT, AND US, ARE... WHAT? BEING IMAGINED BY SOMEBODY?
MORE OR LESS.
WELL, UH, SWEAZ, IF THAT'S TH' CASE...
...WHAT HAPPENS IF WHOEVER IT IS FORGETS US?
6

I DON'T THINK THAT'S VERY LIKELY. YOU SEE...
SHH! LISTEN.
HUH?
A SOFT MUSIC LIKE SNOW CRYSTALS BLOWING ACROSS A FROZEN POND.
I HEAR IT! LIKE THE SOUND OF STARS TWINKLING.
LIKE... LIKE A TINY TINKLE OF TEMPLE CHIMES BORNE ON A JASMINE-SCENTED SAFFRON SUNSET BREEZE.
OR THE LIMPID LIQUID LAPPING OF A FERN FROND FRAMED FOREST FALL!
NAH, IT DOESN' SOUND ANYTHING LIKE THAT. IT'S MORE LIKE THE CRACKING AND SPLINTERING OF... HM... UH, MAGIC CASEMENTS OPENING ON THE FOAM OF PERILOUS SEAS, IN FAERY LANDS FORLORN.
YOU STOLE THAT!
WHAT?
THAT LAST LINE, I'VE HEARD IT BEFORE, SOMEWHE
AAK!
MORE O'THIS DÉJÀ VU SHIT!
?!!
GO, HERP, GO! A' RIGHT! WE'RE GETTIN' AWAY!
7



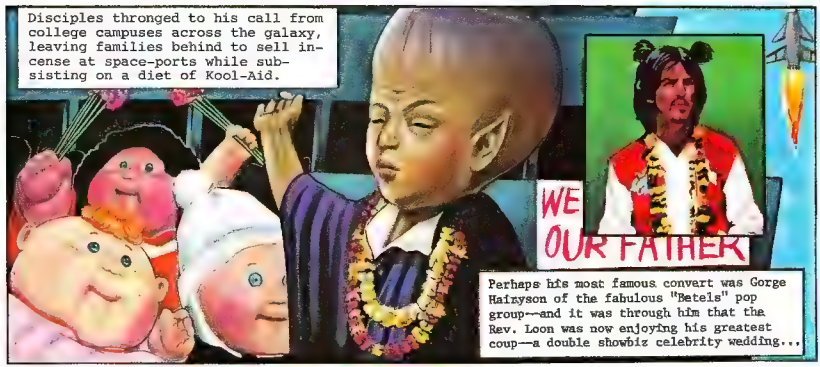
AND TIME FOR US TO REPAIR ONCE AGAIN TO THE "REAL" WORLD AND TO REACQUAINT OURSELVES WITH THE CIRCUMSTANCE OF THAT DISPARATE BAND THAT HAVE SET THEMSELVES THE TASK OF FINDING HERP AND SWEAZ, LITTLE IMAGINING THE DIFFICULTIES INHERENT THEREIN.



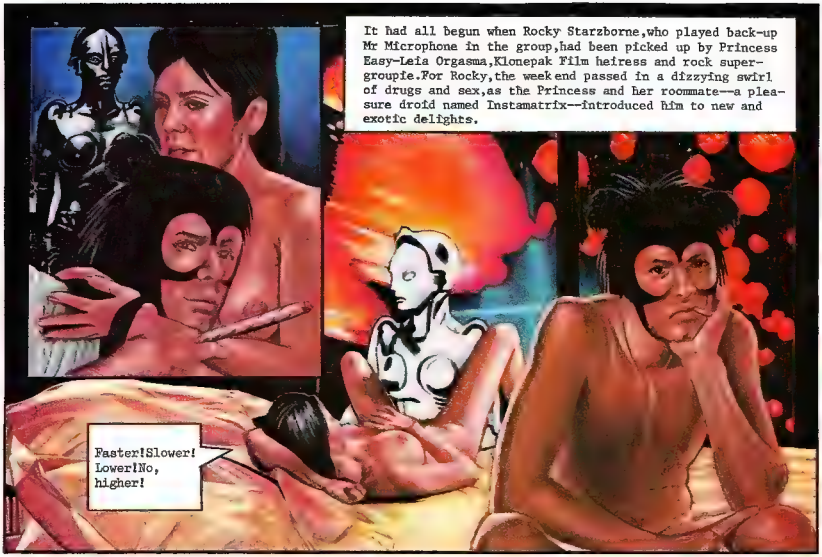
Even as a baby there was something,well,different about little Loon.To be frank--it was his head;white and fleshy,it wobbled atop his shoulders like a giant turnip.The other children on the tiny planet taunted him with cruel names...

One day,little Loon caught sight of his own reflection in a pond--

Rechristening himself"Sun Moon Loon",the sturdy lad,now in his mid-30's,left home to found a new religion--based on the worship of his own swollen head.

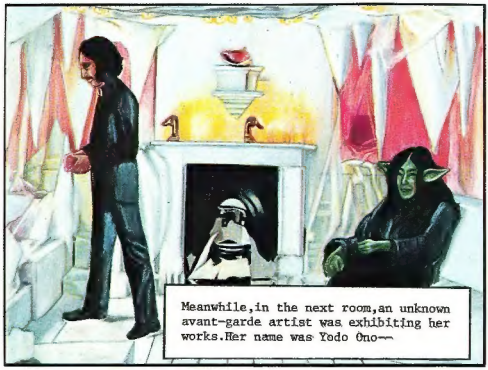

Disciples thronged to his call from college campuses across the galaxy, leaving families behind to sell incense at space-ports while subsisting on a diet of Kool-Aid.
WE
OUR FATHER

Perhaps his most famous convert was Gorge Hainyson of the fabulous "Betels" pop group--and it was through him that the Rev. Loon was now enjoying his greatest coup--a double showbiz celebrity wedding...

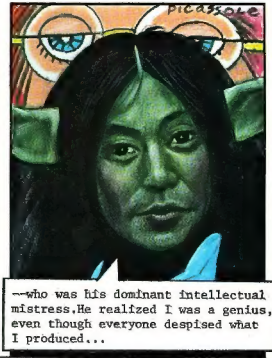

It had all begun when Rocky Starzborne,who played back-up Mr Microphone in the group,had been picked up by Princess Easy-Leia Orgasma,Klonepak Film heiress and rock super-groupie.For Rocky,the weekend passed in a dizzying swirl of drugs and sex,as the Princess and her roommate--a pleasure droid named Instamatrix--introduced him to new and exotic delights.
Faster!Slower! Lower!No, higher!

Dazed and exhausted,he found himself at an orgy hosted by a Religious Talent agent named Jerry Fallopianwell.Even in a galaxy of glittering stars,Fallopianwell stood out.The winner of a landmark "Right-To-Life" court decision while still a fetus,he had elected to remain--
Baba-loo, everybody! Let's party!
May I take your hat and clothes,sir?

—in the womb...
Jerry,you come out of there this minute!
Hey,Rocky! Come meet Pal's replace-ment!
Isn't he a dead ringer? Hey, I've got an idea--let's sing "I Buried Pal" backwards on our next album!
*Pal McCuteny died in Rock Opera #576—The Eds.
Coleslaw?At an orgy?
Why don't we have a photo of Pal on the cover with his feet painted black—and the word"Dead"stitched across his forehead!Let's have fun with it!
Thus,then,was born the "Pal is Dead" rumor which was to race through the rock world.But Pal--or a reasonable facsimile--was still hanging on,as Rocky discovered when he returned to his date...
Hey!
Oh,hi,Rocky.Guess what?Pal and I are engaged!
I am completely at your cervix,Madam—



She handed Jon a card—and he was instantly enchanted.Yodo Ono remembers:
"Chair Bottoms Re-caned—Call Naughty Nanny"
Basically,Jon fell in love with me because he had never met a woman before—


PICASSOLE
—who was his dominant intellectual mistress.He realized I was a genius, even though everyone despised what I produced...

And so the two couples—the new,improved Pal McCuteny and Princess Easy-Leia,and Jon and Yodo Ono—were wed in a simple mass ceremony carried live over the Rev.Loon's own"Praise the Loon Club"Holovision Network...

to be continued

WE WANT YOUR MONEY

A B C D E Photo by Michael Renchiwich

A Berni Wrightson's **Hanover Fiste** and his ne'er-do-well accomplice **Captain Sternn**. You've seen them in the magazine, you've seen them in the *Heavy Metal* movie, now see them coming and going. This durable four-color cotton **T-shirt** is a must for summer. **$7.50.**

_____ small _____ medium _____ large

B The **original Heavy Metal T-shirt** comes in red and black and is made of cotton-blend. The essential HM product. **$7.50**

_____ small _____ medium
_____ large _____ red _____ black

C *Heavy Metal*'s pride and joy, our silver, satin-like **jacket**, equipped with a cotton lining, and front pockets, too. Hipper than a Stones '72 tour jacket! **$36.00.**

_____ small _____ medium _____ large

D **Heavy Metal's phosphorescent T-shirt.** These all-cotton tees are available in sleeveless or regular style black shirts. Wear it to bed and you won't need a nite-lite to find your way to the bathroom. **$8.00**

_____ small _____ medium
_____ large _____ sleeveless
_____ regular

E Our latest and greatest product—the **Heavy Metal all-cotton sweatshirt**. Wear it to the gym or to your fave dance spot and watch those calories melt away while maintaining your ultra-chic image. **$15.95.**

_____ small _____ large
_____ medium _____ ex. large
_____ black _____ white _____ grey

You can now smack **Ranxerox's** pretty puss right on your lapel with this handsome **color pin**. **$5.00,** includes postage and handling. Don't leave home without it!

_____ /Ranxerox pin.

Keep your pants up with a **Heavy Metal belt buckle**. It's 3¼" × 2" and will fit any standard belt. Also deflects alien laser guns. **$10.95**

Check off what you like and how many you want. Include size and color. Add up what it costs. (Add 8¼% sales tax if you live in New York State.) Write a check or money order for the total, put it in an envelope with this ad, and send it to:

Heavy Metal, Dept. HM585, 635 Madison Ave., New York, NY 10022.

And it would be helpful if we knew your . . .

Name (please print) _____

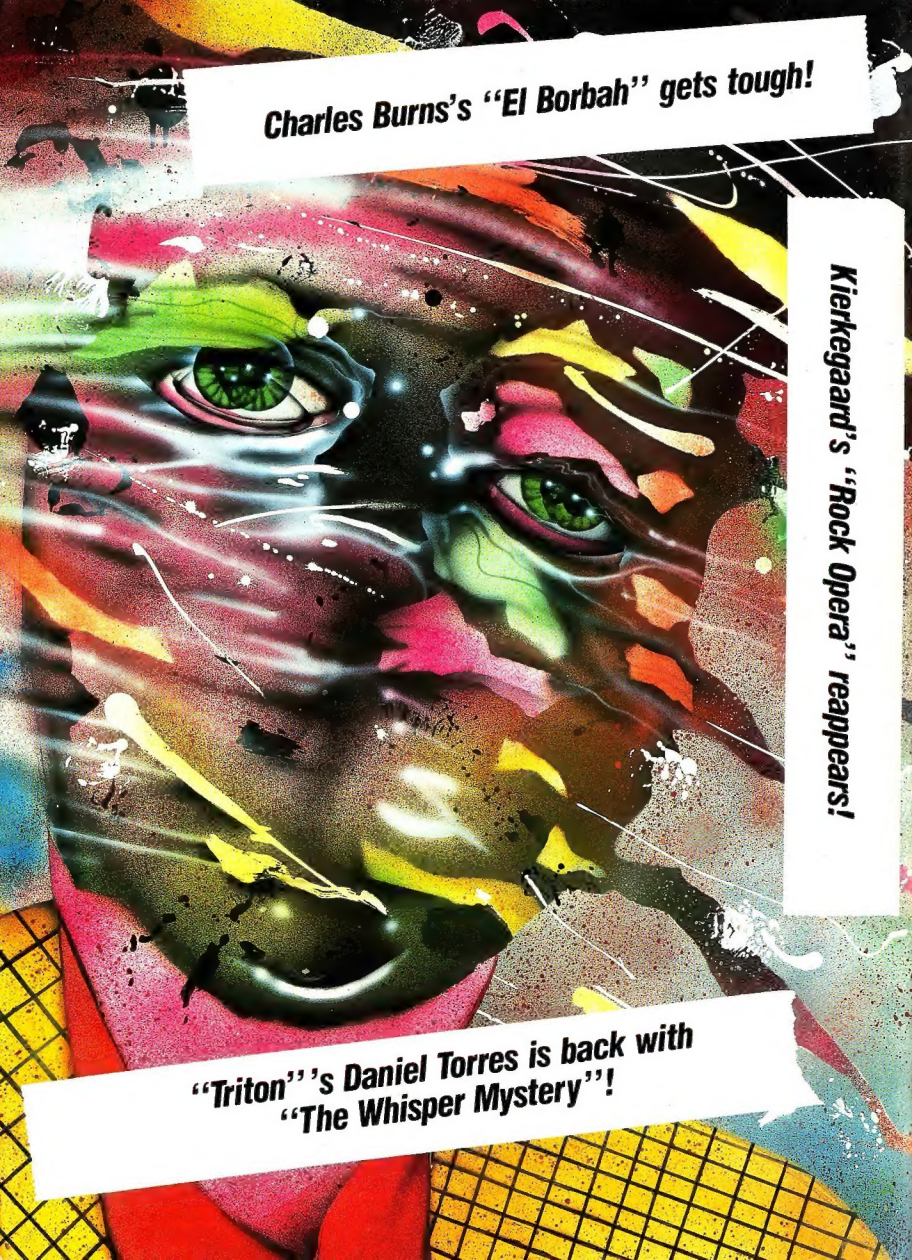
Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

Total amount enclosed $ _____

All prices above include postage and handling.

If you don't wish to cut the page out, but do wish to order, please print or type all applicable info on a separate piece of paper, and enclose it with a check or money order. After all, you wouldn't take scissors to the Mona Lisa, would you?


Charles Burns's "El Borbah" gets tough!
Kierkegaard's "Rock Opera" reappears!
"Triton"'s Daniel Torres is back with "The Whisper Mystery"!